

CAVALCADE



February 1/6

Registered for the G.P.O. (Sydney) for
transmission by post on a periodical.

**GIRL
SLAVES
Still Exist**

—Page 24

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Cavalcade

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Printed by Camerlang Macgregor Ltd., Macquarie Street, Perthshire for the publishers, Cavalcade Magazine Pty. Ltd., 55 Young Street, Sydney, to which orders may be sent.

Produced by the C. H. Murray Publishing Co. Pty. Ltd., Sydney. Publisher, KATH G. MURRAY. Editor, JACK PRIGGON. General Manager, FRED T. SMITH. C. G. SMITH, ALBERT A. MURRAY. Production Manager, WALTER CHARLES. Business Manager, WALTER T. CHARLES. Proprietor, JOHN MURRAY. Circulation Manager, DOUG BRUCE. Wholesale Distributors, Gordon and Loch (A/asia) Ltd.

ADVERTISING
COLIN A. FITZPATRICK, Pty. Ltd., 55 Young Street, Sydney, EDWIN G. MURRAY, 48, Liverpool Street, Melbourne, LOYD G. MURRAY, 174, Churchill Building, Davies Place, Adelaide. Cost \$200.



The shell-shock had shone leaves they set out to have a little light amusement . . . and completed festivities with a neat riot.

They stormed Sydney's Bastille

THE sailors of H.M.S. "Pegasus" did not mean to start a riot, they just wanted to enjoy their leave ashore.

This was 1941, when the British Navy kept the world at peace. In port towns, all the world over, police took a kindly view of sailors' conduct.

But the men of H.M.S. "Pegasus" had never been to the Sydney police force.

A few days into the liberal new-

paper "Australian" described the Sydney police as "the worst contemporary on the face of the earth."

In another issue it called them more simply, "a mind, vicious and utterly not of conscience."

Which tactics must certainly have imposed the performance only to laggers and better men . . . presumably on the theory that if a dog gets a bad name, he might as well come it properly. But . . . on the date of the appearance . . . the performance

seems to have ignored the Press as the reason and watchdogs they were chased in those days.

The fun really began one Tuesday night in October when a group of seamen were drinking themselves outside a Pitt Street theatre. When two of the sailors began to fight, the police intervened.

According to "The Australian," the police, largely recruited from ex-convicts, attacked the sailors with batons. Five of them wound one sailor knocked him down and beat him unconscious.

The angry sailors fought back and were joined by some of the Sydney others. Other sailors just drank enough for mischief, heard the news and rushed to the theatre. By 11 p.m. there were nearly 500 in the crowd.

Someone raised the cry, "Down! Down!" and the mob swept down Pitt Street towards the police lock-up in Macquarie Street.

Police locked themselves in the station and threatened the mob with continuous through the windows.

The sailors were tearing up several stores to beat down the doors when a stream police officers arrived with reinforcements.

He stood quietly in front of the mob and called out: "There's no one inside. You can send a man to see for yourself."

One sailor volunteered and inspected the station. There were no prisoners inside—they had been quietly whisked off to the main police station in Bridge Street.

The brilled mob began breaking up—until a drunken sailor, armed with a cut-throat, attacked a policeman.

The constabulary, heavily reinforced, charged the seamen and drove them back to Macquarie Street. Police had won the first round.

The newspapers got most of the

month's down to the Sydney, which it was hardly polite to criticize. The Ministry's version.

The "Sydney Morning Herald" described the riots as "the lowest episode in Sydney's history." They had created the riot, it insisted, to enable them to pick pockets in the confusion.

The "Australian" called the mob "low and bad characters." "The Minister" spoke rhetorically of the "criminals of Sydney."

The few arrested seamen were discharged for lack of evidence but instead of being set at liberty, the disappointed police promptly locked them up on alternative charges.

By mid-day a new wave drew from H.M.S. "Pegasus" had come ashore, seeking vengeance. There were eight arrests that they were writing themselves with sticks and was born and were determined to release their comrades.

The authorities hurriedly went to 24 more ex-convicts as special constables and ordered a detachment of troops to stand by at police headquarters.

Late that evening, small groups of sailors began collecting in Pitt Street. At a signal the groups ranged and one crowd and began marching towards the Macquarie Street watch house.

The three policemen on duty hurled themselves inside the station but the sailors' blood was up.

With a roar they charged the door and beat it in with paving stones. The constables retreated to the yard of the station and locked themselves in there.

The mob grown to nearly 1000, swept into the station, and broke open the cells. They found two seamen—and a constable named Sutton who was wrestling dead on a charge of solitary.

THE HUGHED LIFE When

Mrs. Walter Robinson, of Westover, New York, hinted that she needed a new fur coat, her husband hastened into the woods, shot twelve deer, skinned them and was off hot-foot for the furrier's when the game warfame awarded him for hunting out of season. Luckier, however, was four-year-old James Dudley Moore. He dropped a four-point buck deer with one shot at a 25 rifle. Master James bled from Texas.

Soldiers heaved the released case on their shoulders—even Mr. Sullivan—and marched triumphantly back up George Street.

Someone raised the cry "St. James look-up now!" and the mob, shouting and singing, turned up King Street.

The suspect in charge of St. James was a young man. He left his doors wide open and beat a rapid retreat.

The disappointed crowd, finding no prisoners and no resistance, broke up the furniture, piled it in the street and set fire to it.

Some of the less daring spirits, deciding that things had gone far enough began to slip away but it was still a sizeable mob which now marched on police headquarters.

Police Superintendent Milne had taken personal charge at this station and had mobilized his reserves there. A company of troops from the garrison were hiding in a yard nearby.

When the crowd drew near a police officer named McDermott stood on the steps armed with a pistol and threatened to shoot the first man who mounted the steps.

The crowd wheeled, then swept past him towards the look-up and began their attack with a volley of stones.

The police, according to current reports, abandoned their hold fast and retreated inside.

It was the military which saved the day. Captain Milne marched his men up from a side street, halted and fired a blank volley over the crowd's head.

The police, who had been ordered to use only blank cartridges, then began firing indiscriminately—some with loaded pistols and carbines.

At least one man, a soldier named Macmillan, was shot by a police bullet he died next day.

As soon as men began to fall, the crowd broke up. Police and military sound the psychological retreat for a concerted charge.

It was here that the police got out of hand.

"The constables rushed out with stones and fell precipitously on all and sundry without regard to age or sex," declared "The Australian."

Nearly 20 men, women and children were knocked down and assaulted, the paper said. These included:

A sea captain hit over the mouth with a bludgeon by a "wretch in unbecomable dress."

A respectable politician, quietly returning home, was knocked down and kicked by a constable.

The police, the paper declared, were afraid to single out the actual rioters but saw the military had broken the mob's resistance, the police attacked everyone in sight.

The "Monitor" agreed that the police had searched their pockets and "made too free use of their stones."

There were several disgruntled women. The "Monitor" recorded that at least one constable had been in-

jured for untimely beating.

The crowd, pursued by the police, broke up in all directions. Most of the rioters found refuge with the Catholic priest.

The wounded limped off home and about 20 men (mostly innocent bystanders) were marched to the police headquarters.

The troops stood by all that night and most of the next day. Riotous police, brutally called in from Parramatta, patrolled the streets throughout the night.

But the battle was over. The arrested men were mostly discharged for lack of evidence. The captain of HMS "Tweed" cancelled leave and sent officers to guard up the new station.

By Thursday morning Sydney was at peace again—and at least one man was glad of it.

A week later the newspapers were still reporting: "The man Sutton, who was freed by a mob from the watch-house, is still at large. A party of police has been ordered to seek him out and bring him again to trial."



1000 cures for Asthma

NORMAN SHURE, M.D.



All asthma patients don't react to the same treatment, you must find the cause before you attempt any cure

MANY of the 60,000 people in the United States alone currently suffering from asthma have been hearing about a severe asthmatic who, after spending a great deal of money with expensive specialists, went to a town on the Mississippi Gulf Coast. There an unconventional doctor cured him with a simple hot-baking red medicine taken four times a day. Other patients who went to the same town saw the same doctor, and took the same medicine, ended up wheezing as much as ever after taking the cure.

Some people with asthma have been cured by eliminating wheat from their diets, or soda from their houses or trees from their backyards. Others have had prolonged allergy in-patient treatment without relief.

Potato, radishes, tablets, medicated cigarettes, liquid sprays, medicated towels have all cured some patients but others have tried them all and still wheeze.

Medical journals and books are overflowing, too. There is one doctor who writes a very authoritative article in which he says that asthma has little to do with allergy—it's all due to a certain type of nerve. By tracing the spinal cord with a high frequency electric current he claims he cured 86 per cent of his 1900 cases of asthma.

A European doctor professes injections of Rivanol salts into the veins of his patients with asthma. He says the results of his treatment are excellent. Here in this country several doctors are using a medicine by the

name, a medicine which is distilled and put in 1,000,000,000,000,000 parts of water.

Many doctors are proud that their patients with asthma. Some use it by injection, some by inhalation, others prefer inhalation with steam and still others use inhalation of the powder.

During the past year or two we have all been excited about the use of Cortisone and ACTH in asthma. These are the hormones from the pituitary and the adrenal glands which seem to relieve the symptoms of many diseases and previously resistant medical conditions—rheumatism and arthritis, allergic diseases, skin conditions, infectious diseases of the eyes, certain forms of kidney trouble, a number of bowel disorders, and some forms of cancer.

We know very little about these new hormones. We know only that they seem to produce relief of symptoms in some cases but that continued use of these gland extracts may result in severe complications. And that is about all we do know. Dr Philip Harsh who received the Nobel Prize for his work with ACTH and Cortison likes to refer to them made of cotton as "cottons wrapped in a mystery inside an enzyme."

One patient had severe asthma which did not respond to any form of treatment. After three days of treatment with ACTH her asthma was completely relieved. About two weeks after her last dose her asthma returned, but in much milder form and was easily controlled with conventional doses of a liquid medicine.

Another woman with very severe asthma was quickly relieved after several doses of Cortisone. As long as she continued to take this medicine she felt fine, as soon as she

stopped she was discontinued on the drug was reduced to a normal level, her asthma returned with full force. At present she is on a maintenance dose, being carefully watched for complications.

One very representative young man with moderately severe asthma came to see me demanding Cortisone treatment because he had heard that it cured asthma. I tried to dissuade him, explaining that any relief would be only temporary, but he insisted. As a very private man he wrote asthma, I administered plain distilled water for the hormones for the first few days in order to deprive the psychological effect from the actual benefits of the hormones. His response to these injections was as dramatic and so prompt that he never did get ACTH or Cortisone. Plain distilled water was sufficient to effect a remission of his asthma symptoms.

What does all this mean?

The answer to all this is fairly simple. Actually, the problem is far from confusing if one understands what asthma really is and what causes it. Probably the best and most concise definition for asthma is "difficulty in breathing with accompanying wheezing." The patient feels a heaviness in his chest and has a hard time getting the air into and out of his lungs. During this process of labored breathing, especially while exhaling, there is audible a somewhat raspy sound as wheeze.

For purposes of clarity it is probably wise to consider the cause of asthma from two aspects (1) what actually happens in the body to cause this difficulty in getting the air in and out of the lungs and (2) what causes this particular change in the body to occur.

The answer to number one is not too difficult. We know that in

**SOME STRAY NOTES
STRUCK
FROM A VIRGINAL LUTE**

Come your lovers; for lovers
lost
mourn not for lack of kisses
what an old maid never had
the never has.

—JAY-PAY

asthma the bronchial tubes leading to the lungs are obstructed. This blockage is usually caused by a swelling of the lining of these tubes, or a tightening of the muscles which surround them, or by collection of dried mucus plugging up these air passages.

Now we come to the discussion of the causes for this obstruction. I mentioned swelling of the lining of the bronchial tubes, tightening of the muscles around them and collection of plugs of dried mucus as one type of blockage. Perhaps this is the most common kind of obstruction which causes asthma.

This condition is what we find in asthma due to allergy, and there are many doctors who prefer to limit the use of the term asthma to the allergic type only. However, there are often conditions besides allergy which can cause swelling of the lining, spasm of the muscles and plugging of the tubes leading to the lungs.

Those who restrict the use of the term asthma to allergy prefer to call

other types of this difficulty with breathing as "asthma" in quotation marks. That we find of cardiac "asthma," infectious "asthma," "arthritic" "asthma" and so on.

In asthma due to allergy the patient is sensitive to pollen of trees, flowers and weeds, to foods, to miscellaneous substances like house dust or cat hair or feathers or wool. These people usually have other manifestations of allergy, like hay fever. These people get well by conventional allergy treatment; skin tests to determine their sensitivities, followed by avoidance of them. If the substance they are allergic to is so ubiquitous that it cannot be eliminated, the procedure is to build up the patient's resistance by frequent and repeated injections of increasing quantities of these substances.

There are the patients who may be cured by avoidance of a food, or by moving to another part of the country with a flora which does not correspond to the patient's sensitivities. There are the patients who get well when the cat or dog is eliminated from the house, or the feather pillow and are covered with an impervious skin.

Probably the second most common cause of asthma is infection. Infection in the bronchial tubes may cause swelling of the lining of these tubes, outgrowth of mucus, drying up of the mucus and even tightening up of the muscles surrounding them as happens. These diseases produce difficulty in breathing, and an asthmatic wheeze.

All cases with bronchitis, however, do not have asthma. For that matter, all patients with allergy in the bronchial tubes do not have asthma either. Some may require much more obstruction than others to produce wheezing.

The infection does not even need

to be in the bronchial tubes to produce asthma. Lung infections like pneumonia, tuberculosis and fungus or even infections due to mites usually residing in the air passages to cause a spasm and even more profound changes. That is all that is required for true asthma. These are the patients whose asthma is cured by such things as penicillin.

Nervous causes can produce asthma as well.

That, too, is not hard to imagine. If sugar can make a person's heart pound, embarrassment make him blush, and fear make him pale, why can't other emotional reactions produce asthma?

So we have asthma due to allergy, asthma due to infection, asthma due to foreign bodies in the lungs, asthma due to emotion, and asthma due to numerous factors which I need not go into here. That should

be enough to explain why some people with asthma are helped by one kind of treatment and others by another. All patients do not have the same asthma.

When one doctor is successful with X-rays with infections, that does not mean that all patients with asthma will be benefited. When another doctor uses diathermy to the spinal cord, that does not mean that all asthmatics should have this type of treatment.

Maybe the woman who was cured in that small town down in Mississippi merely needed to get away from her husband who was making her nervous. Perhaps the doctors who are successful with the medicine diluted one to a double pillow note are better psychologists than the rest of us who have found it worthless. Just remember, asthma is a symptom, not a disease.



HE SHRANK FROM HIS OWN MEDICINE



JOHN CHILWELL

In the name of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, he could spill any man's blood . . . excepting his own.

A BLOODSTAINED coat tumbled through the crowded streets of Paris towards the guillotine on the afternoon of March 24, 1944. "Go, woman! and join your victims," yelled the mob.

A fickle Parisian crowd was farewelling Jacques Rene Robert, assistant Public Prosecutor of the French Revolutionary Tribunal, who had already sent 1000 people to the guillotine in the past year.

The mob had cheered and applauded as the knife despatched rich and poor, aristocrats and peasants, alike.

They loved it just the more when

Robert's own turn came. They spat at him, pelted him with stones and rotten vegetables as he went to meet his death.

Within sight of the guillotine, Robert flinched.

"Of all the scoundrels!" it was saying, Robert showed the most conscience." The only one to remain his passing was him—the former man. To others he was simply a "scoundrel producer of cheap newspapers, a theatre-door robber, a miserable million-monger."

This weaver and twisted thread was born at Admon on November 12, 1870, the son of a furniture dealer turned an obscure lawyer. Robert

dropped to Paris as a young man but found no easy road to fame or fortune.

Down on his uppers, Robert called on a friend for a loan. But when he left, he also took with him his friend's revolver, shots and bullets. These he pointed. Tired on the question, he leveled over the pawnshop clerks, but did not volunteer to release them.

The petty revolution knew all the tricks of the trade when the French rebelled in 1918. He quickly earned a reputation as a pamphleteer.

At the Cordeliers Club, or Society of Friends of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen, his acid tongue was soon feared. He rapidly became the club's leading light.

His newspaper, "Le Peuple Duchesne" (which he founded in 1931), was the most scurrilous that Paris had seen.

When the Governments of Europe wanted proof of the "suppressive tendency" of the French Revolutionaries, they quoted extracts from Robert's newspaper about "the if the streets of Paris were the Seine." Robert himself owned the nickname "Pepe Duchesne."

As troops arrived marched against the revolutionaries, "Pepe Duchesne" urged ruthless action against traitors. Thereby, he argued, must become part of public policy to ensure unity.

His popularity with the mob earned him election to the revolutionary Committee of Paris in August, 1932. When "Pepe Duchesne" urged a speeding-up of justice, the mob roared "Yes!"

Armed with clubs, swords, hairbrush, long knives and iron bars, the signs of the guillotine burst into the prisons and massacred 300 prisoners—many by means unorthodox.

Her woman—Marie Godolme—was bound to a post, her body drenched with sweat, her feet nailed to the ground. Her torturers then rode her

into by lighting a bonfire of straw under her.

A new Revolutionary Tribunal was established. Robert was appointed assistant Public Prosecutor. His only apparent qualification was a seal for blood.

First to go was a right-wing political opponent and then the "intellectuals" of the left-wing, the Cordeliers.

Next the republican senators seated on the Quai, Marie Antoinette. Her death became a matter of policy after the execution of the King Louis XVI, rallying-points for republicans within France were considered dangerous.

At the Cordeliers Club, Robert fore-shadowed her doom. "I have prepared the head of Marie Antoinette to the people," he roared. "I will cut it off myself if it is not done so quickly."

And he was not to be released. On October 18, 1932, Marie Antoinette's head rolled.

The terror increased. Not even the week-end the aged duchesses and duchesses were spared.

An old soldier named Dettler stumbled in his cups that the King at least had paid his taxes. He died for "betraying the troops to death." A half-witted monk who had drunkenly cried out, "Long Live the King" in a Paris street, went the same way.

A doorman dead and blind man named Duran Pay de Verne was hanged off to the guillotine . . . even though he could not hear, let alone understand, his accusers.

Nor was there any sympathy for women. A Madame Godolme, pregnant with child, was granted a stay of execution, but her ordeal led to a miscarriage. The death sentence was immediately pronounced.

Still the flow of blood was not fast enough to satisfy the Revolutionary Tribunal or Robert's Ultras. "Pepe

A H. HOLLYWOOD The things they do and the things they say there are almost unbelievable. As a matter of fact, you can easily drop the "Vizant." However, the one thing to have some half-mocks of truth. It appears that Margie Blaw went on a hunting trip with a few gnomes. An unfortunate game-warden appeared to inform them that they must submit their shooting bag before noon and was old . . . or else? "What have you I tell of a bear is over one year old?" queried one of the bushmen plaintively. "Yes," greeted Margie. "Thank nothing of it, just send 'Happy Birthday' to him and if he recognizes the name, shoot him!"

(From "Photoplay," the world's greatest motion picture magazine.)

Duchenne" suggested an instant guillotine to speed up "assembly line" executions of batches of up to 40 prisoners a time.

"Beware fellows of the Tribunal," he said, "do not trifle away your time. Must there be so much ceremony over cutting short the lives of wretches whom the people have already condemned?"

Before long, the Tribunal did not even bother to listen to the accused's defense.

But "Père Duchesne" was still not satisfied. He went on to attack Robespierre.

"Through-going atheist, Robespierre and his friends planned a grand 'Festival of Reason'."

A mountain of plaster was created in the Cathedral of Notre Dame and was loaded with the heads of the philosophers. A replica of a Greek temple was built into the plaster; and as it broke against the words "TO PHILOSOPHY."

The Indestructible "Reason" opened on November 16, 1793, with an overture by the band of the National Guard. Young girls in white with trailing scarves and flowers on their

heads filed into the Cathedral with lighted torches. A "Woman to Nature" was chorused.

Out of the plaster temple emerged an open house actress. As Liberty, she wore a red cap; other actresses and actors did homage to her.

The procession made its way out of the Cathedral to the National Assembly, then to prison. The President blazed across Liberty and all lined up a foot next to him on the railroad. It was announced that henceforth the Cathedral of Notre Dame would be the Temple of Reason.

Robespierre of Paris and his clerics were publicly unfrocked and shivered their robes in favor of Reason. Robespierre led the mob in burning robes and destroying statues. The end of Christianity—a symbol of the ancient regime—was announced.

Within 15 days, 250 churches throughout France were also transformed into Temples of Reason.

When the ceremony had continued for about a month, the National Assembly suddenly called a halt, as freedom of worship—one of the precious tenets of the Revolution—was being violated.

Christian worship again became protected—provided the priest had sworn allegiance to the Republic.

Robespierre began to lose his influence. People no longer heeded his cries for the blood of "traitors."

Instead they decided he himself was disaffected. And they were not far from the truth. His party was actually planning a coup d'état for March 4, 1794.

The plan misfired. Brought to trial on March 28, 1794—almost a year to the day since Robespierre had emerged as Assistant Prosecutor of the body now trying him—the plotters did not have a chance.

On March 24, the judges restrained

the jury to make up their minds as the accused were all "wretches, brigands, traitors, contemptuous miscreants, vile scoundrels, scoundrels, scoundrels, barbarians, hypocrites, traitors, perverts, infamous devils!"

The jury had the sense to bring in a verdict of "Guilty."

An sentence of death was read. Robespierre became livid and perspiration beaded on his forehead. There were tears in his eyes. He was close to hysteria.

Perhaps his victims may have been pleased to learn that onwards the many times before their deaths, the valiant hero of death had come.



MASQUADO



A CRICKETING NAME CAME GOOD

The little bowler who failed hard a man who tripped out the defaulter by proving himself a chip of the old block

THE man who has to shoulder the blame for losing a cricket Test match is not exactly the favorite of the gods today. Half a century ago, in England, the sportsman was a handsome brave warrior.

So the little bowler from Sussex, who walked slowly and sadly back to the pavilion with England's savings closed—still a bare three runs short of the Australian total—might have been muttering, "Death, where is thy sting?"

The day was July 18th, 1902. The place, Manchester. The occasion, the fourth Test match. It had been a great game, but—then the English

viewpoint—a game shrouded in controversy long before the first ball was bowled. Following their defeat on the third Test at Sheffield, the English selectors had panicked. They had been heads of men—especially from the North of England—where the cricket started to wear the hat of misanthropy. Had, the great Yorkshire all-rounder, had been castrated? So had Sydney Barnes, the best bowler in England! So had Jessop, the hardest hitter! And C. B. Fry, the polished stroke-maker!

But the cricket had reserved their choicest tricks for Fred Tate . . . the little Sussex bowler, whom we have

seen trading back to the pavilion.

He had been an accomplished minster. Tate was a useful stock bowler, nothing more. On top of that, he was a poor field, and a wretched batsman.

So the newsmen walked on to the field carrying a 44 pound penalty. The scoreboard did nothing towards obscuring him up.

The Australians hit him for 44 runs, all 44 overs without any sign of a wicket in the first innings. He did not start with the bat, was scarcely mentioned.

But it was in Australia's second day that poor Tate made his fatal blunder. Hurred was bowling to Joe Darling, the Australian captain, the bowler thought—rightly, as it turned out—that Joe would be forced into hitting a ball to high square leg. Tate was placed in position. At this time, Lockwood, covering like a champion, had Treveser, Duff and Hill back in the pavilion with only 16 runs on the board.

Edward bowled, Darling hooked the ball, high and straight, to Tate. The little man parried what was a relatively easy catch, then dropped it. Darling went on to add 24 runs with Syd Gregory to assist.

Then, then the Australian savings played at 44—with England needing only 124 runs to win.

It rained overnight so play was possible in the morning. But England had 22 on the board when the fourth wicket fell.

Yet Trumble and Sandford bowled like men possessed, with only two wickets to go, England needed eight to win . . . with the last man in.

Tate was on his way to the wicket when it rained again. For three-quarters of an hour, the men who couldn't bat wanted to face harder—who were bowled as well as anybody had ever bowled.

Finally, the rain cleared. Tate faced Sandford. Alone came the first ball. Tate nervously moved his bat, but the ball flew down the edge and went to the boundary. Four to win!

The next ball was a savage over-swing, it knocked back a stump. Tate was twice lucky . . . of the chance of being bowled and of dropping Darling.

He had only one remark to make. "I've got a leg at home when going to wipe out my glasses."

Back to Sussex—and out of Test cricket—went Fred Tate. His leg was then only seven.

Eleven years later, Fred Tate took 'the leg' along to the Sussex University in a trial, "My leg, Minister," he announced. A tall hat, with enormous front and a big mouth with prominent teeth, shook hands warmly.

But as soon as he put the Sussex on there was nothing awkward about him. His first eye-see was with the bat, and showed as much promise as any recruit the county had seen for years. But with the ball, he looked like something really out of the box.

He made his mark in the 1913-14 season. Then—when County cricket was out for four years—he served in the Army.

With the first post-war season, however, he was back. He was considered unlucky to miss the English tour of Australia in 1926 . . . and even more unlucky to miss selection in Test against the Australians in England in 1931.

By the time the English team was due to visit Australia in 1934-5 the anxiety that would have started Maurice Tate's concern from the side would have smothered the head that followed Fred's selection 32 years earlier.

Tate had always to be the first.

THE Indiana Council of Churches has been having more than its share of trouble and is at five red' skins that scores of telephone calls have been averaging the Council's officers, begging to place bets. Claims come within a minute turned up catches about \$50 dollars he had won on a race. The Council asked the society. A bookie had used the Council's telephone number to his clients. (By mistake, he claimed.)

In the fourth Test, at Melbourne, England's batting at last got on to the beam. The side reeled up 248, and then got Australia out for 200, with Tite getting two out of the first three wickets.

Australia followed on. Tite in a superlative performance, got five Australian wickets for 78 — and bags of them were being bowled.

He picked up another nine wickets in the final Test. His 36 wickets overall constituted a Test record.

In England, next year, he was to round off his reputation for his Old Man's league.

Picked as the best bowler, nearly one in three of his 36 overs was a maiden.

The first four Tests were drawn, the last Test, at the Oval, was to be played out to decide The Ashes. Australia got 300 in the first knock. Tite got three wickets for 50 and bowled 17 maidens in 37 overs.

But it was in the final innings that Tite made his great contribution to victory. He only got one wicket for 22. But his deadly accuracy at one end meant that Wilfred Rhodes, the veteran Yorkshire bowler who finished with 4 for 40, could operate against the batsmen who couldn't handle the tricky wicket.

The Ashes win of 1926 was the climax of Maurice Tite's Test career. Not that he was finished as a bowler — far from it. He came to Australia again in 1929-30.

With Larwood, he headed the Australians out for 121 in Brisbane, then, in the second Test at Sydney, took 5 for 50 in Australia's second innings. The fourth Test in Adelaide saw him take another 4 for 77.

In that series, Tite bowled 311 overs; 122 of them were maidens. His bag of wickets (17) was below par, but, even at that, he took only one wicket less than Larwood.

In 1930, the ageing Tite struck goodness at the height of the Harrow Bay's glorious heat, 111, 224 and 234 degrees from the Master's hot in successive Tests. Tite rose to the occasion.

The averages told the story. Tite had bowled nearly twice as many overs as anybody else. He had taken 15 wickets five more than any of his fellow tailors at the crease, and his amazing average of maidens had appeared at one in three.

He had dismissed the great Bradman cheaply twice — for eight and one.

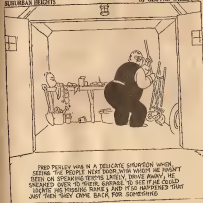
Tite ended his career on a note of anti-climax.

He came out to Australia with Jardine's 1931 side . . . and wasn't picked as a Test. Men who could play the Jardine theory were those wanted. Tite had neither the speed nor the motivation for cricket terrorism. He had words with Jardine and was frightened with being sent home.

He had played in his last Test, but the "bag at home" had been good enough to carry the Old Man's solitary failure . . . with a lot to spare.

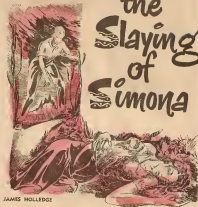
SOUTHERN HEIGHTS

By CLAYTON WILLIAMS



The lad saw that the face of the murdered girl was the face of the sister he loved

the Slaying of Simona



JAMES HOLLIDGE

AT seven o'clock on the evening of September 19, 1934, Kiko Chavez was walking home to the little cottage on the outskirts of Juarez, Mexico, where he lived with his parents and an eye-catching young sister.

He took a short cut across a disused clay-pit. Suddenly he stopped. Stretched on her back beside the track was the figure of a girl.

Kiko stopped over to her. Then he jumped back in terror. The girl was dead. Her body, speckled with blood, was still warm. From her exposed breast protruded a dagger.

The Mexican boy ran up the track in the several houses, shouting hysterically.

The pretty face was that of his own sister, Simona Chavez, eighteen years old and just budding into

womanhood. Later womanhood she had been one of the most laughter-loving and irresistibly-wealthy-after girls in Juarez.

Within a few minutes police were on the scene. The Juarez Chief of Police, Juan Chasos, took charge. His assistant was Detective Lorenzo Hernandez. They found nothing that would assist them. Blood had dried—evidently even any fingerprints on the knife.

The detectives returned to headquarters with Kiko Chavez.

"Did your sister have many few friends?" asked Chief Chasos.

"Yes, sir," said Kiko. "Simona was always going out on dates."

"Who were they?"

"None of them boys would have harmed her," Kiko protested. "They were all old school friends."

"Tell me and let me judge," replied Chasos. Kiko recited all several names. Hernandez took notes.

Kiko went on to tell that Simona had worked in a beauty shop the weekend hours by way of the day-out every evening about six o'clock.

The detectives went to work.

Juarez is a Mexican border town within a mile of the busy International Bridge into the United States. In every investigation, as police have to be on the look-out that their quarry does not sneak over the bridge and out of their jurisdiction.

Chief Chasos decided to take no chances. He stationed half a dozen men on the bridge night and day.

They had orders to hold in for questioning every known criminal, roadside thief and robber of women who tried to cross.

A week passed, but the case was no nearer solution.

An autopsy showed that Simona had died from a knife thrust—but not instantly. She had been

stabbed only once, and the wound was jagged as if the knife had been twisted about as it fell.

"Do you think the knife might be a real murder?" Chasos asked the Medical Officer.

"Not necessarily," the doctor answered. "And I see it, the colored reaction of the girl after the knife entered would be up to pull it out."

"Well, why didn't she?" interrupted Chasos.

"I don't think the murderer let her," was the answer. "I would say that as soon as he saw her glancing at the weapon in her breast, he pulled her to him and held her body close to him, so she couldn't reach the knife."

"How long would she take to die?" asked Chasos.

"About five minutes. As they walked around, he did probably put his hands to her throat. You can see some bruise there."

Meanwhile, the men at Simona's job and her fellow workers at the beauty had been questioned. All had alibi.

Then Detective Hernandez suggested that a handsome, 35-year-old worker at Hernandez—who was supposed to have left on a hunting trip the day before the murder—might be their man.

As he pointed out to Chasos, people forget dates quickly. What they thought was the day before might actually be the day after the killing.

The Chief gave him permission to bring in the youth, who was highly indignant when he arrived at headquarters 48 hours later.

"I was not even in town when Simona was murdered," he protested—and he was able to prove it.

The impatient detective promised to let him go—with apologies.

"Where you Simona's favorite boy friend?" Chief Chasos happened to

STATE OF THE NATION (1981)

I wish I were a Penguin in a cool Antarctic rink where you never can get all burned up because the world is crooked. I'd peck politely on the ground (ignoring the size of the whole), conscious of my ugliness in white eyes, spots and Tails. I'd trust each global crisis with considerable ignorance (such vulgar gunge-on, of course, all Penguins must deplorate), mostly on my own state, I'd live the simple life and, if I felt like fighting, there would always be the wife, Green movements of distance would inspire me very cold, if they'd warnings to deliver, I'd rather not be told. For the A-Bomb and the H-Bomb, I couldn't wait any less, snuggled up in peaceful harmony with my little Penguins.

—JAY-JAY

ask ally before the youth was released.

"I was for a while," the lad replied. "Chief Fernando Padilla cut me off. He's a lot older than me, and Simoes got some ally after the perforated 'experimental' men."

Chavez set up suddenly. No such ally ever figured on the list of Simoes' friends.

"What did you say his name was?" he asked.

"Fernando Padilla — but what else was in that streak of misery I don't know," and the lad, "He's dark and skinny, and at least 25 years old."

He revealed, too, that Simoes's mysterious flame was a piano player. He was even able to tell the destination where he lived.

The Chief and his ally hurried to the address. They were met by an elderly Mexican, who told them that his son, Fernando, had disappeared

about the middle of September.

Shaking his head sadly, the old man also confessed that his son had two great bulging-smoking moustaches and showed after pretty teenage girls.

The police returned to headquarters — very highly encouraged.

All over Mexico the missing moustache was hunted. At last, late in August, 1955, Chief Chavez received a report that a man believed to be Padilla had been seen in the town of Minatitlan, deep in the interior of Mexico.

Detective Hernandez and a couple of men stalked there by car, but found their kid had flown. Fernando Padilla had indeed been there for a few weeks, working in a dance hall, but he had left a week before.

Some of the other musicians in the band, however, remembered that Padilla had been talking of going to

the United States.

Chief Chavez's heart sank. Once across the border, and hidden among the tensing millions of New York, Chicago or some other city, the chance of locating the knife killer was less than Rocky's.

But there remained the American Immigration Service. Armed with Padilla's description and recognition, they went to work to ferret out the unwanted alien.

It was slow work. Not until March 1956—one and a half years after the slaying of Simoes Chavez—did Jesus Chavez receive a telegram telling him that Fernando Padilla had been arrested in Los Angeles and was being extradited.

In July, the prisoner was delivered into the hands of the Mexican Police.

A tough customer, Padilla did not much under hours of questioning. He denied all knowledge of the crime.

Chavez was not worried. He admitted that he had collected a complete case against Padilla. The District Attorney agreed. On July 26, 1956, he went into court to prosecute the suspect for murder.

Under Mexican law, there is no jury system. A judge listens to the evidence, and upon him rests the sole responsibility for deciding guilt or innocence.

The prosecution had several bombshells, which soon disturbed the prisoner. Several young and pretty girls testified that they had gone out with Fernando Padilla.

Then, slowly and bitterly, they all told a similar story. They described how Padilla had lured them to a lonely spot and threatened them with a stickle until they yielded to him.

The weapon produced in evidence as the one that killed Simoes Chavez (they all testified) was the one that Padilla had used.

"The prisoner (understandably) decided to change his story. He admitted meeting Simoes in the elevator on the night of her death. He claimed she was badly injured of him.

"Suddenly," he concluded, "she reached over, pushed the knife out of my belt and stabbed herself. I got as scared I ran away."

It was a good story, but not good enough. Medical witnesses agreed that the girl could not have pushed the two-inch blade right up to the hilt in her breast.

Moreover, how did she get the tell-tale bruise on her throat? Surely she did not try to strangle herself as well?

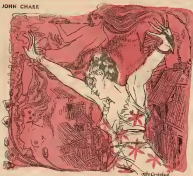
The judge did not take long with his verdict. The dagger-man was sentenced to 40 years' hard labor.

In Mexico they have a peculiar custom that—when a murderer is sentenced to 40 years—the it just what he does agree. And "hard," they say, is a very misleading adjective to describe the labor he performs during his sentence.



GIRL SLAVES STILL EXIST

JOHN CHARR



Inside the democracy-sounding dwellings of many a metropolis, there are still secret markets where girl slaves are bought and sold

EARLY in 1934 a worried young man sat at the police headquarters of Lisbon, Portugal, and poured out a tragic story of his vanished sweetheart.

Her name was Maria L. Some months before she had answered an advertisement that ran regularly in the local paper.

Help wanted. Attractive young women, free to travel, for high-paying positions as secretaries and house-

keepers in South America. All expenses advanced against one-year salary guarantee, residence arranged in respectable houses. Send photo, graph, full details.

"Maria was only 18," the young man explained. "She was given pocket money and an advance against her pay, and she boarded a ship for America. She was my fiancee; I was to follow if there was work. But I have received only one letter from

her, in which she was very disappointed." He spread his hands helplessly. "After that, only silence!"

The superior of police, a specialist in organized vice—including the traffic in women and child-molesters. This address on the advertisement is that of Manuel Ortega, he said. "Manuel Ortega is the head of one of the largest white-slave rings in the world. Last year, from Lisbon, Marseilles, Genoa and other European cities he shipped over two thousand girls to South America—under the guise of getting them jobs.

"But when they arrived, they found their destination was a bordello—and also that they were heavily in debt to the Ortega organization. Almost all accepted Ortega's terms—on what they thought was a temporary basis. But they soon found that they were perpetually in debt to the madams. It is known that several committed suicide.

"Whether you Maria is alive is dead in a mystery. We can do nothing about Ortega because he operates a legitimate business here. But we will take your affidavit, it is proof of a missing girl."

Ordinarily, that would have been the end of the matter. Another girl missing vanished in the children of an international white-slave ring. But in this case, the Lisbon police got in touch with a new international police organization known as the International Criminal Police Commission, which has headquarters in Geneva, Switzerland and branches under the United Nations.

The report showed that the address from which Maria L. had written had nevertheless been a brothel in Buenos Aires. Manuel Ortega was identified—not as a Portuguese but as a Frenchman named Pierre Combettes. Combettes was wanted on charges of preparing in at least six cities in four

different nations! A rare case!

With this information, the Lisbon police acted. They arrested Ortega. In other Mediterranean cities, the police, working in collaboration with the ICPC, staged simultaneous arrests of more than a dozen procurers for the Ortega organization. At one place, the largest wholesale concentration of recent years was broken up. Previously, this could not have happened.

The ICPC was formed only about two years ago. Since then the United Nations has passed a global Moral Act in which 42 member nations have pledged themselves to co-operate for the elimination of prostitution. From now on, the big international white-slave ring was to be a tough task.

Recent sensational headlines reveal the efficiency of this new collaboration.

Many international white-slave rings have been broken up. Take the case of Jean de la Toza, head of a white-slave ring with headquarters in Marseilles which specialized in sending girls to Brazil.

The police of Genoa, Carablanca, Genoa and several other European cities all had suspects on de la Toza, and knew that he recruited girls in their cities and shipped them to Marseilles, from whence they were transported across the Atlantic. They even had sketchy descriptions of him. But they didn't know his name, and there was no disapprobation.

In Marseilles, the police were given instructions to watch all ships arriving, paying particular attention to groups of young and pretty girls who were waiting for Brazil in order to secure "good jobs." In due season, Commissioner Ranch of Marseilles got word from one of his detectives that three pretty girls were about to sail, and that a man who was "seeing them

BE BELIEVE it or not, cows should see a dentist twice a year. If a cow is having trouble digesting her food, her teeth may be at fault. A leading U.S. veterinarian recently treated a cow which refused to eat. While the vet. was checking her throat, he placed his finger on a sharp tooth. "Ho!" cried the vet., instantly and sent for a dentist. When the tooth was repaired, the cow went back to her normal eating habits.

all" resembled the sketchy description of the unknown prisoner.

Despite his protestations against the "outrage" de la Tour was detained on suspicion. Quenecy got on the job, and it was soon found that the addresses to which the girls were being sent were actually Brazilian houses of prostitution. Telephone conversations between the police of at least six cities identified de la Tour beyond doubt. Through this sort of international co-operation, the ring was swiftly broken up, and its lay was pinned behind bars.

Ironically, de la Tour, while out on bail, was skinned in at least 30 places and murdered by one of his own gang members, as a precaution against his "regarding."

But the gang was rounded up anyway.

To give some idea of the efficiency of the new collaboration under U.N. auspices, during the past two years and in Mediterranean ports alone, it is estimated that more than 30,000 traffickers in the white-slave traffic, and

to have shipped at least 1,000 girls annually in South and Central America, have been arrested and convicted.

It is unquestionably the greatest cleavage in the international women traffic the world has ever seen. Few realize the extent to which prostitution has increased in many countries, over recent years.

In the United States, prostitution has doubled in five years. In Japan, Tokyo's "Nishitama" or red-light district closed down for a short time after the war—as upon going full-blown, with an estimated 50,000 girls providing "entertainment" in such establishments as "one-night restaurants, massage parlors, and tea shops."

One of the greatest international mysteries is what happened to the more than 50,000 Dutch women who disappeared following their release from Japanese internment camps after the war. Many are believed to have fallen the prey of international white slavers.

In Berlin, "lost girls" are available in unlimited numbers for less of \$50 dollars or less a night. In Rome, venereal disease is up 75 per cent. There are at least two million "slave girls" in China.

In Italy, there are now between 1,000 and 1,500 registered houses of prostitution, and 30,000 prostitutes in Rome alone. The loans received from houses of prostitution are being used to defray the costs of the Italian secret service. In both Italy and Argentina, there is strong opposition to efforts to "crack down" on prostitution.

In Egypt, an Arab "dancing girl" may be purchased for as little as 150 dollars.

Drug and prostitution go together. The dope picture is also bad. According to the U.N. Narcotics Commission, the world traffic in illicit

drugs amounts to around 1,500,000,000 dollars annually. In Italy, there is a 38-year supply of heroin, waiting to be shipped to the United States.

In Finland, consumption of heroin, according to the U.N., tripled in 30 years. Over the same decade, Italian consumption of heroin rose 30 per cent. London is receiving its largest illicit supplies of heroin, hashish and cocaine through a globe-circling dope ring. Egypt alone has 1,000,000 known drug addicts.

Massive work is being done by the I.C.P.C. in tapping off the police of many countries—in addition to the United States—on dope movements. Recently a ring that was smuggling opium into England in the gasoline tanks of automobiles were smashed. Canada among the 100 Asian governments have been shot and opened up, and forced to curb their exports of drugs. Canada now entering Egypt from Asia Minor are now X-rayed as a precautionary measure.

Recently Seeford Yand, working in collaboration with the I.C.P.C., learned that the French freighter "Saint Tropez" was transporting a large stock of heroin to New York. U.S. customs men were tipped off, and the ship was searched from stem to stern. A supply of the drug worth hundreds of thousands of pounds—was found.

But the trail didn't stop there. It led eventually back to Marseilles, Liverpool and Egypt. Finally the name of the shadowy head of the international dope ring was discovered—a Belgian known only as Rene the Black.

While it is too early to predict that the I.C.P.C. will succeed in breaking up international white slavery and dope smuggling, there is encouraging evidence that it will make the life of the international criminal increasingly perilous as time goes on. If it weren't for this new organization, the situation would be far worse to-day than it is.



THE END OF Arguments



What is the Size of the Largest Star?

Of course, there is no predicting the shape of things to come, but up to date the record seems to be claimed by Dr. Harlow Shapley, director of Harvard College University. Dr. Shapley has detected a star so gigantic that its radius is more than eight times from the earth to the sun, while its diameter is more than 1,600,000,000 miles. Meanwhile, an atom a billion miles across is within a quartic that if centred on the sun, they would over-flow the orbit of the planet Jupiter! have been found by Harvard maintain an on-going study of super-gigantic stars of the universe. These biggest stars have been found in the Small and Large Clouds of Magellan.

How Fast is an Elephant?

You, you're right, it probably does depend on the elephant. Still, the world record to be littered with deformities with time on their hands. Experts calculate that in New York City elephants move at 125 feet a minute (a mile's pace of a more ride and a half an hour). However, in London whenever at rush hour, elephants hit two miles an hour. Deformities show elephants often move as slowly as 50 feet a minute. But don't despise the moving slabs as a slow-mo. An elephant less than a yard wide and moving at 125 feet a minute can carry 500 people in

two minutes — a job that would take eleven 2,000b capacity elevators to equal.

Would You Like to Live to be a Hundred?

All right, all right — don't scream or weep. Keep your personal concerns to yourselves. The next we can say is that, according to the American Institute of Public Opinion, which polled a national cross-section of the U.S. population on this question, reports that about two out of every three people declare that they would definitely like it. The other one wouldn't. Men were more attracted to the possibility than women, while teen-agers were somewhat less interested in becoming centenarians. But not much.

Which is Most Popular: A Dog or a Cat?

Now, don't show this to any Shakespeare columnists; we're not buying into any fight. RUFF — according to a poll of British pet-owners announced by Dr. Kenneth Cottam (in which the enthusiastic doctor interviewed 50,000 animal lovers) more people prefer to see a cat about the house. There are, says Dr. Cottam, more than 1,500,000 cats in Britain compared with about 1,000,000 dogs. Cats seem to owe their superior numbers mainly to the fact that more at three are "mainfully occupied."



Now look what you're missing in your Bombs — and we'll bet you horses are taking a bitter view of roadside carnage. It's just one of those things that happen in South California — a harmless carriage Darby. Age limit of the jolliers is around forty years — age of the passengers is about the direct opposite. But they seem to get on quite well together here she is beckoning up a handy servant to the starting line — get a move on, you! — don't keep her waiting.

BEAUTY and some BOMBS



Now there you are — get ready! — get set! — GO! Okay!
 Okay! You can linger just a little — we don't mind your peep at all
 as a matter of fact, we can take glances of that view in large spaces! — So
 sorry, sorry! It's better to look before you keep
 mind — we'll help you do the looking
 and — if you don't

But what's that? ... what's
 that? ... A spot of trouble?
 Well, what's a knight-errant for
 (and of the course for that
 matter) for if he doesn't help
 you in distress. The horseless
 seems to have jolled
 out her hero's of hand (you
 lucky, lucky man).

The Bomb is a 1909 model Rex.



But is he? — well, you
 never can tell — seems that
 he's actually a one-job man
 probably belongs to the Women
 and Litter's Union — still,
 have no care — they've well
 into the job and they'll soon be
 on their way again. By the
 way, that's Wendro Smith
 underneath. Don't Mooney is
 holding the valve

Beware of Buffalo

In the grassland of Montana, there are frontiersmen which carry a pain warning for the hunters of Africa.



LAURENCE SUSSENS

THE African natives of Northern Rhodesia fear buffalo more than anything else.

A buffalo is a massive, bulky brute. A wounded bull will wait its opportunity for days until someone comes by. Then he attacks. And he is too fast and agile for his victim to stand much chance of getting away.

Many men have survived encounters with cheetahs and crocodiles, but few get away from a buffalo. The grassland of Montana, not the lion where the Maasai stalk the

Kafue River, has several frontiersmen described "Killed by Buffalo."

Buffalo have the same make—the bulk of Northern Rhodesians—and, if shot in the open, always make for an abaker. A buffalo can get through it like a steamroller but a man has a difficult time. Usually it has sometimes less than 30 yards.

I remember once when three of us tracked and shot a buffalo bull in the wilderness.

That morning we had seen from the top of a kopje that two buffalo

were grazing slowly into the wind in an open patch of veldt near the Kafue River.

I was using an old Martini-Horn. It took half-inch bullets.

The bullets could drop anything on an elephant down, but the right-handing branch of the 30-year-old weapon meant that I could only go one shot without reloading. I lost three bullets in a short pocket.

We came to within 30 yards of the side before shooting. One dropped and immediately got up and walked a few paces to stand as though ready to fall again. The other galloped off easily into the brush.

My two cousins, Ian and Clyde, followed into the brush leaving me to finish off the wounded one. I felt in my pocket and found there was only one bullet, the other two had fallen out, probably when we leaped across the side of the hill. I re-loaded the Martini-Horn and, without looking around, I called to the natives who were bullets. Then I fired.

The buffalo was about 30 yards away. I heard the bullet find its way into the shoulder—that is, instead of dropping he came straight at me. I looked around, the gunner had disappeared.

I dropped my rifle and ran for an antelope bush around a small tree. Clyde snatched up to about 10 feet back. I scrambled up like a frightened monkey. The buffalo charged up the hill and immediately attacked.

I could see, as close that I could almost touch it, the frothy blood spraying from the buffalo's nostrils, and the two marks on the shoulder where the bullets had gone in.

With the buffalo, the shoulder is the most vulnerable spot.

I shouted for Clyde and Ian. They came and came back. Clyde called the bull with his second shot.

We found that both Clyde's shots

had gone into the shoulder. One of my bullets had entered the shoulder and lodged in the hip.

That night at camp I found my cousin who had run away.

I saw the "Kafue run away from the night," he said seriously, on the principle, apparently, that attack is the best defense.

"And where," I asked, "were you at the time?"

"On the top of a weapons tree!" One evening we had, an amiable boy, used to follow me in plenty of time that he attended nearest way.

Then he would hand over what ever he was carrying and return to a stand tree.

Another day we saw a herd of buffalo. They stampeded.

They were away too quickly for us to be able to do much but we dropped two. And we wounded a third.

The blood track took us through comparatively easy brush and then back past a small kopje.

I climbed onto a boulder half-way up the kopje. I had a good view of about three miles. I could see nothing.

Finally I gave up. As I slid off the rock I caught a movement.

The buffalo was standing behind an antelope about 25 yards away.

It was only waiting for us to pass the antelope before charging. I took a quick shot just as the animal charged. I heard my bullet strike but it did not even stagger the buffalo. He came straight for my companions less than 30 yards away. He was right on top of them when they dropped him.

The two native trackers had, of course, fled at the sound of the first shot.

It would be interesting some day to hear a native tell 30 yards when a wounded buffalo is charging.

Crime Capsules



IN GARDS . . .

In Newark (U.S.), 30-year-old Donald Bertone was awakened before dawn by the smothering breath of a cat-burglar. Rather restless, Master Bertone hauled sleep while his slitted eyes watched the robber collect 11 dollars. As soon as the intruder had left the room, however, Bertone leaped from bed, seized a bagpipe which he kept as a souvenir and pursued the "cat." Righting his quarry, Master Bertone pined the layover and cried "Halt!" "Not on!" objected the "cat" and grasping an umbrella, dashed super-wise at Mr. Bertone, who responded with a break repeat. A series of brilliant puns resulted in the umbrella falling into two halves. The "cat" — Julius ("Whitten") Hardy — went to the cooler. Master Bertone went back to bed.

AM, CHARITY . . .

In Washington (U.S.) 40-year-old Elmer Slade, who had been struck by a trolley, lay in his hospital bed and hoped that the driver had been unable to raise the \$5 dollar fine imposed by the judge. The kindly Mr. Slade promptly paid the caber's fine. And, not to be outdone, Arthur Clegg of Boston, ordered either to go to jail for larceny or give him with \$5 dollars for living expenses until the case came on, wanted that

he was strong-brother. With a hand out of sympathy, his around "wife" deposited the filthy loan. Her partner best was Marjanne Clyde, of Braintree (U.S.), charged with attempting to murder her husband. She was released on a 1,000 dollar bond—financed by her polygamous spouse.

LETTER OF LAW . . .

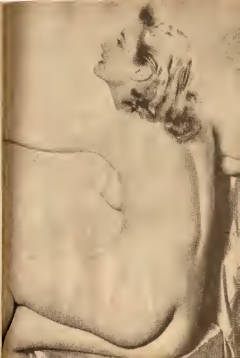
Olga Melana, of Arizona (U.S.), rescued five baby goats when their coat fell into a stream. For two years, he fed and cared for them. Then a game-warden came along and fined Mr. Melana \$5 dollars for having birds out of season.

THERE'S THE RUB . . .

James Clarkson, a wharf laborer of Southampton, England, roared to the rescue of a man who had been trapped in quick sand. The Southampton City Council promptly docked a shilling from Clarkson's wages for leaving his job without permission.

REPORT COURTEOUS . . .

John H. Kelly, escapee from a Virginia (U.S.) convict reformatory, is hurt. Recently, the Washington Times-Herald quoted a prison guard Kelly would "prefer death to surrender." Replied Kelly by return post "I deny I would not be taken alive. . . I have no intention of causing trouble to anyone. Please print this!" The newspaper obliged. At writing, Mr. Kelly is well at large.





LESTER WAY

It was a shabby place with a temporary look.

Nala Lipton was not shabby, but she had a temporary look too, only that was different. She was blonde, her shape made you want her, and her green eyes and you could have her but it would be strictly short-term.

For Paul Morson, it had lasted six months.

He came into the office carrying an



a
blonde
with
GREEN
eyes

• FICTION

His fist went/Tony under the chin and dropped him to the floor against the wall.

HIS MOTHER HAD ALWAYS TOLD HIM WHAT NOT TO TRUST WHEN HE LEFT HOME FOR THE BIG, BAD CITY AND MOTHER KNOWS BEST.

empty breakfast, and he took Nala in his arm. Her lips were as willing as ever. "What a clean-up!" he said.

"Where's the bundle, then?"

"Safe in the bank where it stays till the pay-off."

She moved away from him.

She said, "Your betting spread"

cleaned up a good amount 30 thousand."

"A bit over, Baby."

"And you'd have gone broke without my tip. Do you know how I got them?"

"I can guess," Paul nodded.

"Stable boys, jackpots and book-making," she said. "They're paid 10

OH, HUSBANDS ARE A
SORRY LOT

The magnet has gone out of marriage
(husbands will kindly note)
when your wife goes to town a
while. At the door
and returns in a new make
coat.

—JAY-PAT

per open, Phil, and they all creel
back, but I got the tape. I didn't do
that for peanuts!"

"Our commission comes to over
three thousand!"

She lit a cigarette. "We could really
do things with \$3 thousand," she said.

"And the syndicate, Nola?" They're
little people. Stealing from people
like that isn't smart."

"They were made to be fooled? If
they didn't pay into your syndicate
some other crook would set it?"

She sat off the desk. Think of the
place we could be! Think of the
things we could do! But at you're
some soft, . . ."

"Okay," he said tranquilly. "Where
do we go from here?"

"First, you get down to the bank
and collect the cash! When you've
got it, then we can make plans."

Phil glanced at his watch. "I'll
have to hurry fast," he said.

He took the briefcase and went past
Nola's table and to the desk. She
drew back on her cigarette.

Monson was gone for half an hour.
When he came back, his briefcase

was bulging and Nola was looking up
her face.

Her eyes looked at him over the
top mirror she was using.

"Money to burn?" Phil said. "No,
where do we go from here?"

The girl was watching the door be-
hind Phil's back. The kick clicked.
Phil turned and faced two men.

One was tall, with a face that was
too handsome, and shuffling that
was too broad. The other was small,
with narrow shoulders, sleek black
hair.

They moved toward Phil without
speaking. Phil backed into the office,
the briefcase behind his back. He
creel back till it was within reach
of Nola's hand.

He said "I need both my hands!"

He didn't look around as she
snatched the briefcase.

"A nice haul," the big man said.
"We been watching you late, Mon-
son. But you didn't know you were
running Silky Baxter's claim."

"Wrong on all counts, Silky," Phil
said. "It isn't money in the case, My
warrant belongs to the syndicate. I
didn't jump your claim."

"An honest betting syndicate?"

Silky drawled. "Is that something you
invested?"

"Maybe I did, or maybe it was
Nola. But it worked."

"And you make off with the win-
nings three days before the pay-off?"
You didn't invent that . . . and it
won't work!"

Silky Baxter's eyes went past Phil
to the big blonde Nola. The man with
Silky kept his small black eyes on
Phil.

"You offer a concession, Silky?"

Phil asked.

"I don't pay for small change. You
didn't know you were working for
me."

"Yes?"

"Yeah! I'll take that briefcase."

There are things we don't agree
on," Phil said steadily.

Nola spoke then. "Yeah," she said,
"my Sorrento is absolutely Silky,
and he pulls a wicked trigger!"
Monson said "Now you feel out,
okay?"

They blinked. His words went
down on one side, which was the way
a hold it for talking, and on shoot-
ing. Phil Monson didn't wait.

He kept on Tony, and Tony took a
step back and reached for his gun.
He got it out of his pocket.

Monson's fist got Tony under the
chin and dropped him on the floor.

Phil watched the automatic Silky
Baxter stopped short as the sound of
Tony's gun swung around.

"Mr. Baxter?" Phil said. "Get over
there now Tony."

Silky Baxter raised his hands. He
saw a side glance of Nola, but Phil
didn't risk looking at the girl. He
kept the gun aimed, and he kept his
eyes on Baxter as Silky edged over
toward the long form on the floor.

Silky said, "But you're still on the
wrong leg. You haven't got the guts
to kill me, and I'll go out of here with
the best part to prove it."

"Okay, what are you waiting for?"

"Just waiting for Tony."

Baxter, I told you it isn't money
on that briefcase, it's old letters I'm
taking home to burn."

"As a last, you're golden-mouth croak,
Monson. You might as well toss the
gun out of the window."

Tony Sorrento was clearing his way
to his foot. Slowly, Silky walked
into the mouth of the gun.

Phil let him come on, backing away
all he was against the desk, then he
snatched the muzzle of the auto-
matic up from Baxter's stomach to
his hand.

Baxter stopped. Phil's hand went
behind his back to the telephone on
the desk. He felt for the police call

slot on the dial, and looked the
mouthpiece off with his wrist. He
started to work the dial.

"Don't ride your branch too far,
Silky . . ."

The telephone cracked on the floor
behind him. Something hard, the size
of a gun barrel, hit Phil's spine.

"Give Silky the top model, Sorrento-
pat!"

It was Nola's hunky wavy, only the
handpiece had sharp teeth in it.
She added, "It's the pay-off, Phil.
You didn't know it, but you have
been working for Silky Baxter."

Silky took the gun from Phil's hand.
Phil turned around and looked at
Nola's face. It seemed only now.

"My mother told me never to trust
a blonde with green eyes," he said.

"You should have taken her advice,
Darling!"

She laughed the bracelets to Silky.

Silky said "The square was on to
me, Phil. I couldn't work that racket
anymore, but Nola knew all the angles.
You did a good job as a dummy."

Nola stood beside Silky. He lit
automatic, and the gun as Silky's
hand, both threatened Phil as they
looked in the door, hearing Tony
with them.

"Yes now, Nola," Monson said.
"Sorry it had to end like this."

The door closed on them. He picked
up the telephone and put it back on
the desk. He sat down and rested
his feet up beside it. He lit a cigarette.
The "hunk" rang and he grunted.

"Hello, Sorrento. You got 'em, eh?"
Oh, the stuff in the briefcase? Hell!
don't you know a telephone record
when you use it? Sure, I tapped
my own telephone and got records of
all Nola's calls to Silky. What? Well,
you see, before I left home, my
mother told me to never trust a
blonde with green eyes—so I didn't.
Yeah, the money's still safe in the
bank."



The Commissar's Woman

PAUL WARREN GRAHAM

THE HILL-MEN WERE QUITE READY TO BE VERY GOOD COMRADES, BUT THEY HAD FIXED IDEAS ABOUT HORSES

"Hut!" she told him. "It will only be dangerous while their tempers are effervescent."

POGOSINSKI started as the old

Chevrolet skidded and backed to a standstill. "You drive like a madman," he complained indignantly.

"Ah!" exclaimed the driver in a startled voice. "Mushka is there, waiting for you." He pointed, then decided, "And now, Comrade, I ride as home to my wife."

Pogosinski looked down at the flimsy cantilever bridge that spanned the gorge, then across at the harnessman on the other side. This was a tall man, clad in a heavy dark coat. His face was bearded under a red fur cap. He was armed with a rifle and, in addition to his own mount, he had a second horse on a lead.

The driver reached into the back of the car and dragged out a suitcase. "With luck," he said, "I'll make most of the trip as daylight."

"You can help me over with that, hut!"

"Hut!" You can manage it, surely," laughed the driver and dumped the bag on to the other's lap.

The passenger got out grumbling. "You're not a good officer," he complained, but his words were drowned in a clatter of dusty stones, the Chevy began to back up the slope.

Half walking, half sliding, Pogosinski started down towards the ledge. Crossing the gorge, he tried not to

look down at the swirling waters below. The machine bumped continually against his legs and, with every step, he became more certain that the rotting planks would give way under him. But at last, he reached the other side and stumbled towards the waiting Mushka. The fellow leaped down from his saddle and relieved him of his burden.

"What a long ride, Comrade," he said, handing the reins of the second horse to Pogosinski.

"Why hasn't anything been done about that bridge?" demanded Pogosinski, resentful dumbly. "It's a disgrace to the name of the Soviet!"

"It serves, Comrade," replied Mushka, whistling his mount and swinging it up the narrow track. "It serves."

For a long time they rode in silence. Pogosinski was a poor harnessman and was too busy keeping up with his guide to talk. Though the day was clear, the air was simply chill. Higher where it was clear, there were larches and occasional firs.

When it began to grow dark, they camped. Mushka built a fire and prepared a stew from some withered pieces of chicken.

"I'm wondering whether you'll be happy with my people," said Mushka after they had eaten their fill.

The other threw him a shrewd

ATENTION, please. All check-and-charge items. One of your secret tunnels is missing! It's the secret underground tunnel from the American White House to the Potomac River. It is supposed to have been built during the War of 1812. Civil War legends had it figured importantly in a plot to kidnap President Lincoln. However, the White House was examined recently and not a trace of the tunnel has been discovered. FBI agents are now reported to be rushing around in lighter and lighter circles trying to track up ways and means of departing undetected with a secret-tunnel.

gleam in the twilight. "Oh whether they'll be happy about the arrangement."

But the Italian shook his head. "Don't think any important Congressman will worry them much."

"You may be right," countered Paganetti shrilly.

Mincho shrugged and held cigarette towards his new companion. "Anyone may be sometimes."

"You do yourself well," observed Paganetti, examining the cigarette he took. "I have to be content with Black Sea tobacco."

"My horses fetch good prices these days."

"YOUR horses?" thundered the outraged Paganetti, bending to his host. "The people's horses, you mean?"

"Mine," corrected Mincho, more quietly but with as much indignation. "Are we still in the Soviet Union or not? I've heard rumors of your horse stealing tricks but I didn't expect you to admit them."

"You were glad of our country when the Germans attacked Russia."

"That doesn't excuse you! I've loved into a crowd of little capitalists."

"The last Congressman owned his own string, it seemed him respect," said Mincho easily.

He'd have done better later that bedtime. Mincho told him and Mincho was ashamed of the people.

"I think, Comrade, that you'd better wait until you've been with us a while before you draw too many opinions."

Paganetti set down again suddenly aware that he would be alone with the guide for many hours. And these people were known for their rage.

He said, less belligerently, "You must admit that we've made things better for you here."

Mincho nodded without hesitation. "And we've worked hard at being good Marxists."

"That I doubt! The horses!"

"Are something different situation," belated Mincho.

After that, neither man made any attempt to continue the conversation. They smoked and stared at the leaping flames until they were ready to sleep.

+ + +

Next day, they started off after a five-down breakfast. The Congressman, his back sore and his leg, chafed raw on the blanket, brandished forward over his horse's neck.

"That," he reflected bitterly, "is one argument in favour of using the hotel

skate in official park."

He was more than surprised when Mincho gave him a friendly smile and began talking about his son who was with the Red Army in Berlin. From that, he went on to confess about the new school that had been built in his town.

Paganetti let him ramble away for a while, then began to ask pertinent questions about various matters that interested him.

Mincho that he heard was occasional, yet much more depressed him. It seemed as though the substitutes at the station accepted as much of Congressman as suited them and reluctantly ignored those regulations which would inconvenience them.

Certainly, they had fought well in the army, but they were fighters by nature and even to the tune of the German invasion, there had been periodic flare-ups of skirmishing in those mountains. But now, like other Russians, they had dedicated themselves to the State. Dedicated themselves—but not their horses.

"Has no one ever thought of building a road through here?" asked Paganetti.

Mincho stared at him, slowly amazed. "What an earth for?" He was easy enough journey for us."

"Perhaps, Comrade," answered Paganetti, his temper rising a little, "you like being isolated from the rest of us—living where a car can't drive nor a plane land."

Instead of an answer, he was offered a cigarette.

Though they pressed the pace hard, there was little talk at the day by the time they reached their destination. The townships, the largest in the district, sprawled widely over the only level ground they had seen. The buildings were mainly wooden and small.

They were met outside it by a postman, a friendly fellow in a

grubby white, unbuttoned blouse. "Hi, Sergei!" said Mincho and pointed to Paganetti. "Here's our new Congressman."

"Don't like his looks," decided the man in a high, indignant voice. "Don't like his looks." And with that, he went off past them, muttering.

"Pay no attention to Sergei," chuckled the guide. "He's a little touchy, but harmless."

As they entered into a narrow street, doors opened and people, mostly women, appeared to stare at the strangers with solemn eyes.

"Your place is down there," said Mincho, jerking his head towards the mouth of a side street. "But tonight, you can stay with us."

"First thing after I've washed and changed," declared Paganetti, "I will call a meeting."

"That'll have to wait, Comrade. There'll be drinking after supper, and drinking."

Flustered, Paganetti suppressed a smile. "I appreciate their wanting to welcome me, but there are more important things."

Mincho laughed. "It's not for you it's because of the horses. You'll be welcome to-morrow and we always welcome first-her look."

"So," thought Paganetti, "you're going to play your game as if I won't here." Aloud he said, "You'll all spare time for the meeting?"

"If you want, Comrade—but you'll be the most unpopular Congressman we ever had if you start off like that. Our ways are old ways, but good."

They turned up and descended inside the first, and main, room of the house, two women—the one middle-aged and headscarf and the other slender and pretty—dropped back against the wall.

The younger one was the first to venture nearer to Paganetti. Mincho made the introduction shakily. "This

"Tania, my son's wife; she's a foreigner like yourself, but good."
 "Do you like it here?" Pogoninski wanted to know.

"I'd never leave."

Her eyes, he noticed, were neither frightened nor very new and he was aware of a peculiar warmth running down through his body. Perhaps, after all his squirms in the mountains might prove interesting in many ways than one.

"You'd like her?" interrupted the other woman.

"Very much," replied the Communist, but he said it to the girl. Later, after he had changed into a clean, gray business suit, he continued to dream most of his remarks at Tania.

Charmed by the real and by the company of the girl, the Communist made no further mention of an unwelcome meeting. Instead, he conversed readily when Masha suggested, "Let's go to the dancing."

The door was among the last to arrive, in what was called "the square" but was really only a widening of the main street, a fire had been lit and around it cowered old men and children, young mothers and a few slim youths. One man wore the uniform of a cavalry officer. An accordion was played by a second soldier.

With an excited yell, Masha rushed her wife and pressed it with him.

"My heart's a dancer," said Pogoninski to Tania. "And anyway, I'd rather talk to you."

"Go down three times," she instructed, pointing to a log, one of several that were meant for benches. "I'll bring wine."

She returned quickly for an interval they chatted shyly, between drinks from the bottle. The wine loosened his tongue.

"You're an intelligent girl—not one of these —" His gesture swept the square. "We should stick together,

we two. It'd be a perfect fit."

She squirmed closer to him until both bodies touched. "What could you want from me?"

He grinned at her, then became serious. "You know what goes on here—what I'm up against."

She said in a low voice, "Don't be in too much of a hurry here, if there are things that seem irregular, do what your professions have done and look the other way."

He stiffened. "You're talking about the home feeling."

"Yes." She hit her hip and went on almost pleadingly, "I can tell what you are, Comrade—how you'll reason. But if you start off with a load of regulations in your hand I'll only burn everyone."

"What exactly are you getting at?"

"I'll be frank. Instead of going up in the air about their business habits, talk to them carefully and arrange a compromise between their interests and those of the State."

"What sort of compromise?" he demanded.

"Based on a degree of State supervision, they're ready for that but for no more yet." She hurried, then hastened on, "This area provides some of the best equipment in the army. Make your changes slowly and the young men who are away now will do the rest when their turn comes. But get the balance against you and it will be a different story. The old order here would come back and you'd have a nasty little hot spot that could embarrass everyone for years—as it did the Tsars and more recently the Germans."

"Nonsense," snapped Pogoninski. "I was not here to put things in order and I shall."

Suddenly she giggled and reached for his hand. "Why should I worry about it—especially on a night like this?"

Pogoninski had often heard that note in a woman's voice and it always



ARCHIBALD THE MONUMENT

**A WORD OF ADVICE TO
WENCHES WHO
COULDN'T CARE LESS**

Forget, be wary of Cupid
and absorb the best of this
verse—

To let a fool kiss you is
stupid,
To let a knave feel you is
wiser."

**That jolly furred and mussed
fo-to-forgetter poet, ANON,
is in a perusal mood**

about the same thing. He thought
Why not?

He said: "You've been alone a long
time, haven't you?"

"Too long." She was howling
heavily now.

For a while, they whispered to-
gether. The doorman around the fire
showed no signs of terror. And that
night the Commisair. To-morrow,
he would be the good citizen with all
the authority of the State behind him.
To-night, he would be Perseus,
the man.

"Let's slip away."

"All right."

She led him, not back the way they
had come, but towards the other end
of the square. In the gloomy part
they entered, several houses had been
fastened to a long rail. She pulled him
in between two of them.

"Kiss me a little here, I'm im-
patient," she whispered.

Assured, he obliged, thinking
there'll be something, that one."

Next, he tried to remove her arms
from around his neck, but she held
on determinedly.

They spring apart as a voice called
loudly, "Comrade Perseus!"

They looked under the nearest
house's belly. Advancing from the
mouth of the square was a group of
men, led by Mincha.

"My God! I hope we shouldn't
have dawdled here."

Turns quickly snatched the animal
"Hide," she hissed. "It'll only be
dangerous for the few minutes while
their lamps are hot. After that
they'll realize what it means to have
a Commisair."

Perseus stayed without as-
surance. He waited with surprising
agility on to the house's back and
looked back viciously into its den.

Turns watched him gallop off. She
wondered whether she would hear
his screams as he went over the three
hundred foot drop which he didn't
know was at the end of that dark
street. He couldn't miss it, he
wouldn't know where to turn off.

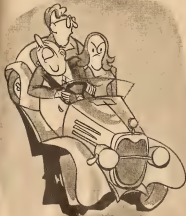
She walked to meet the bellman.

Mincha asked, "Was that the Com-
misair? I thought he wanted a
marriage!"

"He decided not to ruin your luck,"
she smiled, taking her arm.

As they started back to the square,
she knew that she had done the only
thing. These bellmen would have to
sweep Commisairs . . . they might
grumble bitterly for a while, but
lots of numbers would overtake them
in the end and they would obey the
stronger. Other soldiers would notice
and enforce the law, but Turns
wouldn't mind. By that time, this
year's election would be over . . . and
that was the one that mattered to
her. For Mincha had promised her
profits from it to Turns and to the
son who was with the Red Army in
Berlin.

But she knew that the Commisair
would scream as he fell over the cliff
at the road's end.



*Red
Car*

"For Pete's sake, who's driving, you or your mother?"

HOME HINTS

SOME UNCALLED-FOR ADVICE
BY UNCLE GIBBY



If your gas meter refuses to give with the gas you have four alternatives: ring the Gas Co. pay for a plumber yank it out.

Twirl around with it in your spare time, or give it a quick kick on the foot.



Refrigerators are difficult to repair because you can't tell what goes on inside when you close the door. If you don't wish to lock yourself in, too.

Your best plan is to procure a small fish and a penguin. If they are all right after a day or two you know everything is okay. If they are not, settle for a block of ice and a butter cooler.

A blockage in the sink is child's play to the man who knows just where to look for the seat of the trouble.



Using a clothes line can be very simple — the other hand it can become quite an adventure, especially if you do not know your own strength.



Broken radios are always a challenge to the modern handy man. You never know whether you will discover a new form of television — change it over to frequency modulation.



Or get yourself a free dose of therapeutic shock treatment.



STRANGER and Stranger



SUPER-BABY . . .

Get this, you over-loving mothers, here's a super-special baby for you Paula Suzanne Alexander, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Alexander, of Modesto (England) has been born with two lower front teeth . . . then accomplishing a feat performed by only one in 10,000 babies. Reports issued by Paula's estimated parents reveal that her two teeth are perfect milk-teeth.

AVIATIONIC . . .

The first plane has landed on the top of 14,440-foot Mount Ranier (U.S.) Peak was accomplished by Lieutenant John Hodgkin, 32-year-old RAF flyer, who has an obsession for mountain landings. Reported Lieutenant Hodgkin on his return "Landing was easy, but the take-off was bad. I pulled the plane off the top of Reiner, hopped in and escaped, sister-fallies, down to a frozen mountain lake at the 10,000-foot level. There I stayed the night. Next morning, I collected with ear-dropped goggles took off on sled and landed on a snow-covered strip at Spenser's house." Irish Air Force men immediately descended him with comment for "endangering the lives of Misses Park Higgins, who had climbed Ranier to rescue Lieutenant Hodgkin and found he wasn't there."

TACFUL TOUCH . . .

Full of the milk of human kindness, the Mayor of San Antonio, Texas, has shut down a local cafe because the converse in the nearby jail had completed that the cafe's rhumba music was disturbing them in the middle of the night. Which possibly inspired the goodness of Minnie Oyster (South Carolina) to an even more pleasant statement. After a programme of leniency with traffic offenders had failed, the constabulary announced sternly: "We have tried all we know, including repeated warnings. Now all we can do is enforce the law."

SPERDSTER . . .

English novelist Eud Hyman has just finished a book 60,000 words long and it took her exactly five days to write the tome. Asked how she managed the suspense, Miss Hyman replied: "Oh, I just started at 9:00 on the morning, took an hour off for lunch and so I could easily write 12,000 words by the evening. Really, I don't have to work-out all comes rolling up." Which was probably the method also employed by the two thousand and eighty poets who composed for a £2000 prize offered by the British Arts Council. Their manuscripts totalled 150,000 lines of verse.



"Not a bad hand, pal, but I have something here that will beat it!"



take a television test

Television. It's in the air (and in many senses than just that) more now as well as ever, greeting their teeth and swallow the pill with-out more than a slight wince. As a matter of fact, they couldn't miss it at all. Despite the hullabaloo about video cutting into movies, Hollywood's talent scouts are already snapping up video stars. So come, with Bernard of Hallowood and his camera and film—27—well—er and ask how tele-vision's destiny are promised. Phyllis Applegate watches Paty Shelton being interviewed.



And now it's Phyllis Applegate's turn. Pardon us if we're mistaken, but western showman Nils T. Granlund (who conducts the weekly television talent hunt) seems to look distinctly impressed. And we can't say that we blame him either.

And then... ch-ch... it's all over. The girls have been viewed and found pleasant by America Granlund's eagle (or something) eye. Now they can settle down to a little primping up before the show.



So there you are... now the show may go on... and HOW? Phyllis and Fern are still waiting their cue, but there's no doubting that this trio will provide their 10th series competitors. This is Janet Cushman, Linda Chelle and Nancy Lee, just here to start the ball rolling. By the way, it may be worth mention that, after the show, Paramount stepped up Janet, while 20th Century Fox went for Linda and Nancy. If there's a silver screen in the house, we'd like to be tested too, please.

pointers to BETTER HEALTH



A PINCH OF SALT

Hypertension usually condemns patients afflicted with high blood pressure, heart and kidney troubles to diets, salt-free diets, because salt is a troublemaker in these conditions. Meats, eggs, cheese, fish and other foods which contain large amounts of sodium are forbidden except sparingly. According to Dr. George G. Craven of New York City, however, this restriction is unnecessary. He claims that the salt can be taken from the forbidden foods by leaching. There is no loss of nutritive value. He contends that leaching makes these foods safe by cutting the sodium content down 15 to 20 per cent of the original amount.

FLUORE

A new drug claimed to "bring relief and ultimate freedom" from pelvic aches, has been introduced in the United States. Called "Fluore" and administered by the mouth, the drug is claimed to last where within a matter of weeks. Investigators told of 18 sheep patients who failed to respond after 15 weeks of conventional treatment. Fifteen of these patients, however, became symptom-free in four to six weeks' treatment of the drug. In another study, seven patients failed to respond after 14

weeks of conventional treatment were free three or four weeks after taking the drug.

CANCER CURE

Cancer fighters constantly warn that pain is not a symptom of early cancer. By the time pain is felt, cancer is usually far advanced. Other signs are more important to heed. "Disturbance of sensation" are often the earliest clue. Of course, the phrase "disturbance of sensation" covers a wide range. At one end of the scale may be feeling of extensive discomfort very akin to pain. At the other are vague, fleeting feelings of "numbness," "tingling," "lightness." Any feeling of discomfort which lasts more than a few weeks kind change in the same place must be regarded with suspicion.

EASIER CHILDRENGTH

A new electrical device to reduce the risks of childbirth has been developed at Columbia University (C.U.). The machine will determine whether the labor is to be normal or abnormal and whether the pains are positive labor pains. Tests on more than 200 patients have shown that the electrical patterns produced during normal labor differ considerably from those produced by abnormal labor.

A case for Sherlock Holmes

The crime bore all the hallmarks of Jack the Ripper, except for the same fact that the victims were cattle.

L. W. MEWING



AT the start of this century, something happened in Staffordshire, England, which bore all the hallmarks of a Jack the Ripper—except that the victims were cattle! It was a case remembered as sheep wars . . . and not the least was the intervention of the Arthur Conan Doyle, creator of Sherlock Holmes.

Between February and August, 1903, around the village of Great Wyrley about twenty miles from Birmingham, horses, cows, sheep and pigs were being killed by some ex-

port lunatic who had all the properties of a will o' the wisp.

During that period there was also an avalanche of letters in all directions, presumably written by the evil-evil-killer. These usually accused a young lawyer named George Edgip, the son of the local vicar.

The vicar was black; George was a half-caste. His father had been born a Puritan in India but had come to England, married the church, married an Englishwoman, Charlotte Stanfield. George was his eldest son

and aged a meagre twenty-seven.

The killing of the victims and the avalanche of letters thoroughly scared the countryside. One of the others said, "There will be heavy times at Wyrley in November, when the young start on little girls."

A nothing crowd of pubescent was summoned to the district, led by the Chief Constable and Inspector Campbell. All believed that George Edgip was the guilty person.

The letters were signed for the name "Gobolarea." There was a boy of that name attending the local school, but it was soon proved he had nothing to do with the matter.

The letters and the malicious gossip went on for many years.

The Chief Constable of Staffordshire, Captain the Hon. George Alexander Asson, was convinced that all the trouble was caused not by young George Edgip. So he posted about a score of police round the village in the hope of catching young George on the act of killing up another horse's stomach.

That was the situation on the night of August 12, which began clear but blustery, and later, about midnight, became very wet.

The next morning, at about 8:30, a youth named Garrett found a dead pig pony which had been slit along the side—a long, shallow wound which did not penetrate to the gut but caused great loss of blood. The animal was a long way from the village . . . several railway lines, through thick hedges and across difficult ground in pitch dark and rain.

Yet Inspector Campbell went almost immediately to the vicarage to arrest George. George, however, had left home for his office at Birmingham. Later the vicar made a sworn statement of what happened.

"On August 13, 1903, they (the police) called at the vicarage at

about eight o'clock in the morning, and Miss Edgip showed them a number of garments belonging to her son. As soon as they saw the old coat they began to examine it, and Inspector Campbell put his finger on one of the stains and said that there was a hair there. Miss Edgip told him it was not a hair, but a thread, and Miss Edgip, who was present, then reminded that it looked like a 'boring'. (Meaning a thread.) This was all that Inspector Campbell had said to them about hairs before I came down. When I saw him, he told me that he had found some hairs upon the coat. I asked him to point out the places where the hairs were to be seen. He pointed out the lower part of the coat and said, 'There is a hairy hair there.' I examined the place and said, 'There is no hair here at all.' Some further conversation followed, then suddenly he put his finger upon another place on the coat and drew two straight lines with his finger.

"He said, 'Look here, Mr. Edgip, there is hairy hair here.' I looked at the place for a moment and, in order to have more light upon it, I took up the coat with both my hands and drew nearer to the window, and after carefully examining it, I said to him, 'There is, to be sure, no hairy hair here, it is a clean surface!'"

It did not stay clean, however. Later the Inspector wrapped the coat up in a bundle containing a piece of flesh cut from the dead horse and—wonder of wonders—an expert later found hairy hair on it!

The Inspector also said the coat was damp. The Edgips denied this and said George had not worn the coat for days. The Inspector took the coat away, also a pair of blue serge trousers stained with black mud, a pair of George's boots and a set of shoes which they said were blood-

stained something else which chemical evidence failed to prove.

Neither was any of the stains on the coat proved to be blood, while the mud on the vicinity of the killed horse was petroleum red.

Yet George Edley was arrested the same day. He accounted for his movements the night before by saying "I returned home to the village from my office at half-past-six on the evening. I transacted some business at home. Then I walked along the main road to the hostelry at Redgrove and got there a little later than half-past eight. I was then wearing a blue serge coat." (Confirmed by John Hunt, the hostelry-keeper. The coat "with the hairs on it" was not that same.) "My supper wouldn't be ready until half-past nine. So I walked round to a white. Several persons must have seen me. It had been raining during the day, though it was not raining then." (There was black mud on the road). "I returned to the village at nine-thirty. I had supper and went to bed. I slept in the same bedroom as my father, and I have been sleeping there for seventeen years. I did not leave that bedroom until twenty minutes to seven on the following morning."

His father, who spent a sleepless, restless night with headache substantiated his son's statement.

While George was in real sweating trial, more cattle were misplaced. The police "explained" that by saying some other members of the mob did this to draw suspicion off George.

George stood his trial on October 26, 1900, before a country justice who knew so little about the law that he had to have a barrister to assist him!

The case, as presented to the jury, was that George had committed the crime between two and three o'clock in the morning.

Now this would be a truck worthy

of Houdini. As Conan Doyle later pointed, George suffered badly from asthmatic attacks and was half-blind. He would have had to dodge a Gordon of twenty police, walk half-a-mile over rough country to winning man, push through hedges, cross the London railway line, do his dark deed and return home by another route, again through fields and hedges and ditches—and again slipping through the net-work of police.

Frank evidence was produced by a constable who said he compared a footprint near the scene of the crime with a shoe of George's; he had not made a plaster cast, but had taken measurements with a piece of string! A hotel-keeping expert, Mr. Thomas Gwynn (who had already helped send the innocent Adolf Beck to prison with his "expert" testimony) said that George had written the letters somewhat himself!

A browned jury found George guilty; the judge landed him seven years!

But the men of England were not so one-eyed. George was in prison yet the letters and the cattle-misplacements went on. A petition was signed by ten thousand people, including several hundred lawyers. It had no effect. After three years, newspapers took up the case again.

Suddenly George was released. No explanation was given. He asked Sir Arthur Conan Doyle to help clear his name—and Doyle went to work between the December of 1902 and the August of 1907 to never let up.

On January 11, 1905, the London Daily Telegraph published the first installment of his 11,000 word statement. The Case of Mr. George Edley.

In this statement Conan Doyle ripped to shreds the evidence against George.

It was a top specimen, with great

logic fighting for Edley. The Home Secretary was at last forced to appoint a Commission of Enquiry.

Immediately Doyle began to get angry letters from the asthmatic writer. From these and other evidence—quite conclusive, but provisionally not for a court of law—Conan Doyle named two brothers who he already wrote the letters and carried off the crime.

So convincing was it that the Commission decided that George Edley was wrongly convicted of horse

murder, but that he had not proved he was not the writer of the anonymous letters. He was granted a free pardon but denied any compensation!

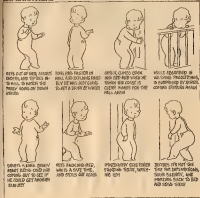
Doyle charged into battle again. The authorities refused to take the matter up. The affair was closed!

Gilbert and Sullivan couldn't have thought up a sadder climax.

And the meetings and letter-writing went on occasionally up to the year 1912.

EXPLANATIONS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS





CLEM LACK

When Stockwhips won from Shearblades

The Chinese shepherds thought "white" means money as they say. Black Tommy had different ideas.

TOMMY, 15-year-old son of "King"

Blackie, an shepherd chief, knew trouble was brewing among the yellow men who had come over the Big Water to shear sheep for the white houses—the Leathers-on Gunning Downs Station. He suspected the strange men who wore their hair in tails and jabbered in way-oung talk that was not even blackish-low pidgin. Ah Sam, the Cantonese headman, he liked the best of all. Several times Tommy noticed Ah Sam whispering

to his companions and nodding at the white houses.

Tommy had tried to warn the owner, Keith Hay, that mischief was afoot, but the white boss had only called him "pleeny bag fool."

The Chinese had been employed on Gunning Downs and other stations on the Darling Downs and Northern New South Wales, as shepherds and shearblades, to replace the white men who had deserted the arid work of the sheep stations for the easier pickings

of the gold clinkers in Victoria.

Agates had been engaged in Canton and other Chinese parts to offer China

a two-year's agreement at rates ranging up to \$12 a year and keep, the agates paying the passages out to Australia.

The result was that in 1922 there was as many as 400 Chinese on the Gunning Downs and Murrumbidgee Stations of New South Wales, engaged in shepherding and shearing more than 100,000 sheep.

The Chinese took readily to the shearing blades until they discovered that they were being paid much less than the white men they had replaced. Serious unrest developed on all the stations. Gunning Downs became a storm centre.

Tommy wondered why the white bosses were so blind that they could not see that the yellow men were sensible and plotting mischief. He kept watch.

Walking behind some bushes he watched a dozen Chinese break into the store and seize all the "buckin" and vegetables they could find. Others broke the lock of the woolshed door and entered.

Tommy was puzzled. Either the Chinese were taking in the shed to spend an attack at daylight or they were going to lock themselves in and refuse to work until they were given more money. The shepherds in their quarters and the people in the but house several hundred yards away were too far distant to hear any sound. He was afraid he might get into trouble if he interfered the night hours in the middle of the night.

Just after "pleasantry daylight" he saw Creamer Hay walk across from the homestead to the wool store. Through the half-open door Tommy

could see Hay heaving off a side of a slaughtered bullock and laying it on the blocks for chugging. At the same time he noticed the door on the woolshed being cautiously opened by more Chinese than he could count on the fingers of his two hands crowded out one after the other. He saw them thrusting underneath their loose blue jackets wicked-looking daggers which they had made by breaking the sheathblades at the centre joint.

As the Chinese crept towards the door of the wool store, Tommy rose silently to his feet and, clanking his milk rails, ran stealthily behind them. The Chinese burst through the door of the wool store, Ah Sam in the lead. Plucking the sheathblades daggers from under their blouses, they brandished them threateningly at the startled Hay, plucking suddenly in Cantonese. Hay leaped to the other side of the butcher's block and stood poised, holding the butcher's cleaver in his hand.

"Clear out! I'll serve ye into steels!" yelled Hay.

The Chinese backed hastily away from the shining edge of the cleaver. In rushed Tommy, armed with his milk rails.

Taken in the rear, the Chinese pulled in dismay. Amid screams of "Wheeler!" they hustled with each other to struggle through the door, while Tommy belaboured each pig-tailed head with imperial fury. In a few seconds a row of stunned Chinese were spread on the floor, while Tommy, reaching others by the pigtail, dragged them out of the store.

A few minutes later, the Chinese opened their eyes to observe with disgust that Hay and Tommy were standing over them. The white man was armed with a stockwhip. Tommy had his milk rails.

"Get on your feet!" roared Hay, looking them with his stockpots.

Staggering ungraciously erect, the Chinese stumbled towards the wool store. Hay followed them up reluctantly, flanking them on the backlots.

The yellow man broke into a run. A label of Cantonese vowels greeted them from the woolstore. They rushed inside and the doors were slammed shut.

Hay turned to the expectant Tommy. "Was quick one time Mister Leslie. Tell 'ee Chinamen 'e make Leslie trouble!"

"You! Quick, hean, no friction plenty plenty quick and tussle!" Tommy hoped across the big paddock.

Leslie soon had his stockmen lurching out of their beds. Horses were saddled and bridled, and the mounted party, numbering about a dozen, all armed with stockwhips and isolated Colts, galloped over toward the woolstore.

On the way they met Hay.

"They've barricaded themselves in the wool store," he said. "They'll stop in there unless we can trick 'em."

"If they've got timber in there, they'll stop until they're starved out!" Leslie replied.

Hay slipped his thigh. "I know how we can enter them away. If I ride over there on my own, they've got to make a rush for me. Hele looked that strong of pure brass and when I got them out in the open, cut them off from the store."

Leslie nodded agreement. His horseman halted behind some trees about thirty yards to the right of the wool store and hidden from the view of any watchers who might be peering through the cracks in the slab walls in front. Hay quickly rode on ahead until he reached a spot within a few yards of the store. He then halted his horse, as if undecided what to do. The animal promptly put his head down to nibble

The race attended. The door opened and a yelling mob of Chinese rushed towards the lone rider. The horse shied, nearly unseating Hay but he turned on head around with a jerk of the reins and remained off, with the Chinese in hot pursuit.

They were well away from the protection of the store when the assembled horsemen charged. Shouting and cracking their whips like pistol shots in the crisp morning air, the stockmen believed as if they were on a point. They scattered the terrified Chinese in all directions. Loping behind the cowboys came the valiant Tommy waving his cattle tails.

The pursuing stockmen rounded up the survivors like a mob of sheep, getting nearer Tommy bounded after Ah Sam, seized his flying pommel and jerked the Chinese off his feet.

The momentum of his charge was so great that he fell on top of Ah Sam. He then sat on the prostrate Chinese until a stockman took charge of the panicked prisoner. His horse bounded behind him, Ah Sam trotted nimbly into captivity.

The rest of his companions were dispatched along the dusty road to Warwick where they were herded over to a waiting police wagon.

The wagon had every noose in rope. There were only two calls Ah solved the problem by passing Ah Sam and two of his cronies into the cells and leaving the rest to the care of the police yard.

Next day, Ah Sam, no ring-leader, was shifted three miles' good with head labour (which he worked out on the wagon's wheelbarrow). The other Chinese, volubly protestant, were ordered back to the station to finish their contracts.

They gave no further trouble. But they undid their own consciences by unanimously departing for the goldfields as soon as their indentures had expired.





FLOOR PLAN

designed

compact and roomy

Passages and halls of houses are considered nowadays in these times of high prices as waste space. By a streamlined arrangement of rooms, however, passages can be reduced to a minimum. On the other hand, by widening the passage and giving it a glass wall, a very useful area can be created.

Here the gallery, instead of forming a dark connecting passage between living and sleeping sections has been transformed into a secondary living area for informal family activity. The paving of the outdoor terrace continues indoors as a floor for the gallery. In summer when the glass doors are thrown open, the gallery virtually forms a shaded end to the terrace.

Built of brick, the house has a flat concrete roof with very wide eaves. The large windows are thus protected from the direct rays of the summer sun.

The three bedrooms are grouped around a short passage which also gives access to the bathroom with its toilet and separate shower. Kitchen and laundry are grouped together and the house can be entered from the rear without traversing the kitchen.

The fireplace, jutting out at right angles from the walls, forms a division between living and dining areas.

Space seems quite abundant in spite of the compactness of the room arrangements.

by Warwick Kells



POLICEMEN ON A POWDER KEG



The Palestine Police had to be born adventurers... and laugh and swagger even above that grim laugh

GERRIC R. MENTIFLAY

NOT long ago, on the tree flag, I sat in a cafe at Jerusalem with Jimmy Moore. It had been one of those unrepeatable meetings which happened so often during the war years. When we were kids, we had belonged to the same surf club. Then Jimmy had gone off adventuring, chasing the sun—and now, quite suddenly, we had bumped into each other in the shadow of the Lion Gate.

He was leaner, harder-looking than

I had remembered him. Somehow it seemed as if he were strong as a lion, wise as a woman. Even so, he looked unsteady and tense suddenly in the dark cafe and peered up at the Palestine Police then I did as my faded khaki drill. He showed me to a little half-shuttered cafe which formed an oasis of light in the gloom of the Jewish Sabbath.

I remember how he sat with his

back to the wall as we talked the darkness down—never quite relaxing, looking now at me, now at the door. There were others in the cafe—a couple of Arabians draped their garments (with all their gear piled in a pile), two Scotsmen dined in their winter weight. The proprietor was a nervous type, also given to con-venting.

Some sort of commotion started outside in the street.

And it wasn't a jolly sound. I caught a glimpse of him, when doors under queer caps.

"The Old Ones," muttered Jimmy. The Working Well boys. They're dropping to us describing the Sabbath. They're—Look out! Down!"

I saw it come out of the darkness and clatter down the steps—something about the size of a bullock's head. It had a tail which glowed like the end of a cigarette. The Arab and two of the Scotsmen—old hands who knew when not to ask questions—followed as to the floor. The others turned eagerly, peered upward.

The air suddenly seemed full of flying nose-blades of glass.

We recoiled to our feet. The whole front of the shop had been blown in. One of the Scotsmen fell back on what was left of the steps, his life pumping out through his severed middle vein. The other raised a shattered arm. The feet of another body protruded from the wreck of a showcase.

I followed Jimmy into the street. Whistlers trailed in the darkness, but seemed as everything was sensibly still. The inhabitants of Jerusalem have learned not to be curious.

Then I heard Jimmy's voice beside me. It was rising, high-pitched, away-sounding. "You bug! You rotten, lousy rat!" Come out in the open like men! Come out where I can see you!"

"That will do, Moore!" The words came from a police officer—a dapper man with twin silver pins on his shoulders. "Make your report at headquarters. Make it now, Moore!" Jimmy put his shoulder back into his holster and walked off into the darkness. The lieutenant turned to me, shrugging apologetically. "He's getting a hot nerve. They got his petrol-bomb last Saturday, and he's against the work before. We can't do any business. Like anything a butterfly with a hammer, eh?"

That was Jerusalem any time between 1930 and 1947—a silent city full of mysterious ghosts. Who went those ghosts? You could take your pick from half a dozen sorts of Jews and half a dozen sorts of Arabs. The phantoms swarmed on themselves and on each other, harrying the great majority of the population who were law-abiding Jews and Arabs—but most of all they sought out their natural enemies, the Palestine Police.

When it was known in 1930 under the British mandate, the Force had a single task—to preserve peace between Jew and Arab. It was like putting a lion and a tiger together in a small cage with a single point of meat, and then sending in an unarmed man to see that they behaved themselves.

The men were hard, hand-picked, and quick on the trigger. They came from the British Isles, from Australia and New Zealand and Canada and South Africa—and most of them were good class men and fine officers. A number of them got mixed up in shady deals—smuggling, black-marketing, bribery and the like; other could not resist the temptation to debauch in private clubs and casinos. Lights, and some of them got killed for their pains. Broadly speaking, however, the Palestine Police were the salt of the earth.

CHEER up, you boys! An alcoholic beverage manufacturing champagne can now be made at any time at any place with a glass of plain water and a capsule which a citizen of France obtained. The small capsule has a strong principle of sugar and bicarbonate of soda. This strong digestive quality in water. The carbonate-chloride alcohol, after used, an anesthetic water and coloring material—can in the water to produce diluted alcohol.

In the early days, when the new Jewish settlements were palisaded and armed with watch-towers, the French hostile against the Arab brigades.

At the last it found itself arrayed not only against Arab rebels, bandits and bandits, but also against the new Jewish antagonists — the Hagannah and the Irgunim Stern gang. But whether the adversary was a half-born Arab or a European gangster, the Palestine policeman was undaunted.

He often may be too ruthless, but that was not always so. At first he operated as any British Police Force — on the principle: "Get the evidence, then get your man—and bring him in alive for a fair trial." Many policemen died before their friends shortened this order in practice to: "When you're sure the man's guilty—shoot first."

They learned in a hard school—viewing the corpses of their comrades. Here is how some Palestine policeman died.

One, captured by Arab bandits in

a village near Jeron, was forced out into a hotel lined with bedded mats, then rolled down a long hill slope.

Still others were harrassed by their captives and then turned over to the Arab women, whose long knives inflicted their own vicious tortures.

Yet the police always tried to get the evidence before shooting. When they did it was a matter of shooting to kill. Some died there, by beds or panels, others just collapsed—but their friends carried on.

Constable Matthew Brooker and Chaffin treated a gang of some six hundred in two months before they cornered them near the village of Tiber, just south of Hecla and within sight of the ancient Crusader castle of Ashdod. In the showdown there were fifty mounted men, complete with machine guns, coming down a narrow ravine.

The constables threw off their narrow robes and stood there on the trim blue of the Force. They called three times for the Arabs to lay down their arms, while the bandied riders gaped at their impudent men. Then the Arabs charged. The constables stood their ground as the mass of men and bandoliers streamed down the ravine. First they spread up with their own rifle, then, as the range shortened, they drew their revolvers.

Twelve men and their horses were killed in that ravine before the modern broke and ran. The lone police rifle picked off four more as they scrambled up the side of the cliff. The mangled guns lay on evidence in the dust were left behind on the backs of dead-saddles. A following force of police found Constable Matthew nearby. After a Jewish doctor had dug two bullets out of Constable Brooker, he was returned to duty.

In another occasion a constable—who was afterwards to be District superintendent—was posted at a safe table in Haifa when he was attacked by an Arab thug. By some oversight the constable had only one round in his revolver.

He knew he could not afford to lose it. At close range the assassin simply put an bullet into his back. The constable sat motionless. Then the assassin's trigger clicked on an empty chamber. It was what the policeman had been waiting for. He drew his own pistol and shot the man dead.

It was ruthless—but all the members of the Force I ever spoke to refused to a smiling explanation for the wild half-Arab. "He's a damned and a beastly and a biter of love and order—but damned if he isn't a man!" one constable told me. "He gives a queer kind of kick to know that he respects us, too."

There is no better illustration of the mixture of ruthlessness and civility respect than the story told by Jack Thomson who is now back in New Zealand. For nearly a year he and three other policemen traded a hand-to-hand with Abdul Ann Thon. There was no question about the evidence. Abdul was a killer. All they had to do was find him—and shoot first.

In Kofia they waited in attire outside a house in which Abdul's mother lay dead—as pretty and as sinister a trap as was ever laid. Thomson was squatting in the shadow of a house opposite when suddenly the wanted man dropped from the roof before him. Obviously, Abdul played his part on the ground, and crossed the narrow lane, and entered his mother's house. Two minutes later he returned, retrieved the pistol and went, pressing his red, white and green head-dress into the policeman's hand.

Why did he do this? Did he join Jack Thomson as a "new citizen," less tough than the others, who would leave shot him down on sight? Or was it a ploy, as one man to another, that some things are above the normal call of duty?

There was a sequel. Eight months later the same line men had Abdul trapped in a cave on a hillside. For five days and five nights they starved him out. On the sixth day, having fired away all his ammunition and then thrown his empty rifle and handkerchief out of the cave-mouth, he walked out with his hands spread wide. A constable shot him in the chest. He went down, but as he fell he recognized Jack Thomson who shot.

"He staggered towards me with hands outstretched. Having to my feet, I began to walk towards him. I wanted to grasp his proffered hand; before I could reach it, Abdul Ann fell over. A smile crossed his face as his eyes closed and he collapsed, never to rise, with the bond of friendship unbroken. In the moment of death he had not forgotten his friend neither."

The Force is fine now. The original policemen are scattered in the four winds. You will find them in Australia and New Zealand and Canada and South Africa, and back in England. Most of them went to other danger-spots and are there still.

In Hong Kong and Singapore and scattered through Malaya.

Not Jimmy Moore, though. His time was running out when I saw him last. They got him at a road block on the winding highway which runs up past the Mount of Olives. It has never been discovered why he was killed or whether his murderer was Jew or Arab.

Is a way that is a fitting epitaph for the whole Force.



• After considerable experiment, Our Office Wolf has reported that you can't kiss a girl unexpectedly, only among them the thought you would • Celebrity Career History is the most untested form of security • Which probably explains why some people pay you a compliment as if they expected a receipt for it • Household Hints: People who say they sleep like a baby usually don't have one • Nothing else that Providence has awarded helps to develop a woman's character so much as an untidy man round the house • Sporting Section: We hardly remember Lady Godiva as one of the greatest gamblers in the world, after all, she put her everything on a horse ... it didn't win, but it showed • Prescribed for Physicians: A specialist is a doctor who has all his patients treated to become ill during office hours • Which reminds us to offer our condolences to the psychiatrist who recently advised a patient to busy himself in his work ... the patient was a constabulary • For Friends of the Cavalcade: The collection will arrive when politicians can be used for breath of campaign promises • Then leading to naturally into the unbalanced debate as to whether politicians actually do keep their promises ... Of course, they do, they lie them all away for future reference • Signs-of-the-Times: Mary had a little lamb ... whom only goes to show how far ahead she was of the ordinary cold-flu ... • Song of the Anarchist: "How Happy Could I Be With Ether" • Weather Forecast: It's as ill wind that shows no pretty kites • Notice for Insider Club: Flirtation "Chaperone your liked acquaintance, don't let them go out alone" • Which reminds us that these two men a man in complete agreement with his wife when their homes burned down, they both tried to get out the window at the same time • Financial News: Money doesn't go away for these days, but it manages to stay away a half of a long time • A man owes it to himself to become successful after that he owes it to the Income Tax Department • How-to-Mix-French-and-Influence-People Department: Remember that politicians make nothing out of the most successful guys we know as to friendly that he even shakes hands with donkeys.

OUR SHORT STORY: And one closing to making election "I don't know you from Adam."

KATH KING

RACKET BY ROAD

BY
PHIL BELSHIN
AND
SVENEY
OENKENDEN.

AFTER STOPPING UP FOR A LONG WEEK-END AT A RACE, KATH KING WAS LEFT THE LONG, COUNTRY DRIVE BACK TO HOME ALONE AND UNEXPECTED.



A BULLFIGHT, SEEN AT SPED UP WITH SPEED, THE CAR TO A STANDSTILL AFTER A WICKED RIDE --



THE DISCOVERIES THAT THE
RESEARCHER HAS MADE IN
THESE ARE THE MOST
INTERESTING AND IMPORTANT
AND MOST IMPORTANT.

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YOU COULD DRIVE ME INTO THE NEXT TOWN



THE ABOVE-RECORDED, WRITTEN
DECLARATION MADE BY SAID
CHARLES WATKINS, THE DELAY
IN THE RECORDING OF THE
HIGHER-POWER OF THE 1990



CHUCK THOMAS AND
STANLEY THE OTHER NIGHT
LIVE HIS OWN. HE
DROVE TO THE BATH BUT
THE LATE HOUR MEANS
ONE NIGHT HAVE TO
WAIT FOR HIS HEAD TILL
LIVE HIS OWN.



WITHOUT WARNING WITH
AND, THE INFORMATION
AND A FURTHER CLARIFICATION



ATTACHED ON YOUR ENVELOPE



THE CASE OF THE
TRIAL CHAIRMAN WANTS
THE RECORDS - COPY
TAKEN FROM

HI - JACKING USED TO BE
AN AMERICAN GAME!
SHUT UP!



YOU'RE STAYING WITH
ME UNTIL THE TRUCK IS
OUT OF TROUBLE



THE 1950S

LEAVE THEM THERE



AND THE SUN, LIES ON THE
CLOUDS IN THE TELLING
OF THE, LINGERS FROM
WARD, MAKING IT WITH
THE CLOUDS



THE CHAIRMAN, LORDS
HIS REVENUES AND THE
STRENGTH AND THE
TOWN, THE LIVES, THE
BY GAINING THE LIVES
AND THE LIVES



WORTH GRABBED THE GUN
AND FIRED AT THE
ATTACKERS' LEGS



KATH AND THE TRUCK
DRIVER WENT HOME TO
THE TOWN AND AT ONCE
TELL THE STORY TO
THE POLICE.



"I'LL WANT YOU AS A
WITNESS, MA'am."

"I'LL GET MY CAR
FIXED UP."



"I HOPE THE COPS GET
THE TRUCK DRIVER
THE EXACTLY
WHAT A DRUNK."



AFTER A NIGHT'S SLEEP
AND SWAGGERED BACK
SHE DECIDED TO GET
HER CAR TAKEN CARE OF



"I'D BETTER WALK DOWN
TO ONE OF THE GARAGES
IN TOWN TO HAVE THE
TRUCK TO REPAIR."



COUNTRY GARAGES
DON'T START AS EARLY
AS THEY USED TO BE
BEHIND THE CURTAIN



DETERMINED TO GET TO
THE EARLY WORKS
KATH WALKED AROUND
THE DARKNESS FOR A
BACK ENTRANCE
AND



...BAGGY TWISTED HER
ANKLE AS SHE FELL
IN A DEEP SLEEP.



PICKING HERSELF UP
SHE WALKED WITH A SLIGHT
LIMP OF PAIN FROM
HER TWISTED ANKLE.



KATH COULD ONLY SEE A
SHADE OF VEHICLE
AND SOUND OF FOOT
SOUND OF ACTIVITY.



AND A UTILITY LIGHT
SHINES THROUGH THE
SHADOW OF A MAN ON
THE WALL.



KATH DECIDES TO GO
IN AND TALK TO THE
WORKMAN ABOUT HER
CAR.





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ICE TRAP

RUSSELL W. LAKE
• FICTION

THEY found the Swede nearly washed up on a slab of ice at the edge of a lovely little stream a hundred miles below the Yukon.

Charlie and Smokey Joe ran on like by accident on the way back to Beaver Creek after wintering at Fort Yukon. Beaver Creek happens itself was so half-and-gone back in the wilderness but at least there was a trail running to it, such as it was, and men had marked the territory round about. That made it civilized, and quite different from the Swede's primitive setting place. Charlie and Smokey were interested in primitive areas where nobody had been before. As Charlie always said, you never know where you'll find a strike. They ran up to the damdest place.

With these thoughts and purposes in mind they shined their dog team into the wild country and had a rough time of it getting through.

Feeding down a trailing creek late one day, Charlie and Smokey Joe pulled over on the lee of an overhanging bluff to get out of the icy wind that blew uncomfortably upon them from the northeast. Charlie went to gather firewood and Smokey unloaded stuff from the sled and took care of the dogs. It was getting pretty dark. The ice on the creek was covered with hummocks like

up at Beaver Creek, the boys sat and mattered by the hour about the Swede, Charlie and Smokey had found frozen stiff.

No matter which way they looked, the dead Swede was still staring at them.

while grown stretching along and they bristled their fire between a low one at the edge of the bank and the protecting bluff. When the fire got going good and began to push back the shadows, they saw the Swede.

"Lookin' that!" said Charlie, pointing to the mound of dirty ice. "That's a man, or fan the north end of a candle."

Smokey came over and peered with him. "He too," said Smokey.

The grimy thing was looking right at them, lying on its side with hollow eyes wide open.

"Blacken he's dead," said Smokey.

That fact, being self-evident, required no answer and Charlie let it go at that. They sat down side by side and regarded the thing. He had been a big man with heavy shoulders and body, and legs like tree trunks.

They called him the Swede because he looked like a Swede. Big Olaf, down at Beaver Creek, was a Swede and looked something like this fellow—washed-out hair and eyes like skin with and a big nose. So they called him the Swede and the Swede he became and forever after was, regardless of his ancestry in a prior state when he walked among the living. Charlie and Smokey Joe sat there, rummaging with the pleasant heat of the fire warming their backs, speculating idly on who he was and how come he had ventured 'way off here and by what means he got dead.

Charlie and Smokey had seen dead before, both wolves and sat-



and, but never had they been subjected to such a lugubrious ceremony by a devoted person. No matter which way they turned, these ideas were laid on. After supper they took the drink and moved down the creek a ways and let the Swede stare at something else.

In the morning however they came back and chopped him out of the ice and landed him onto the sled. It was still dark or five days to Beaver Creek and all the way down the Swede just kept looking. A thing like that gets on a fellow's nerves. After a day or so of it Charlie and Smokey got to wishing they had left him to be ice covered where they found him. By the time they got to Beaver Creek they reported over leaving him at all, it just occurred to them they would have to bury the carcass, unless they could talk someone else into it which was unlikely, and the ground was frozen solid.

Soon enough, the men at the diggings came out in force to view the Swede and to stand around wondering, but when it came to the question of putting him into the ground, they washed their hands of it. Fortunately of course, it being winter and winter means Charlie and Smokey too. In about two days up on the hill, building fires and chopping and building fires and chopping until they scraped out a hole big enough to hold him.

Then they came down to Porco Flory's Beaverside Saloon and rumped up to the bar, saying that in the future the entire population of Alaska, present and to come, could kick off and pile up like dogs, and Charlie and Smokey would let them be. All they got out of saying this was to camp was considerable hard labor. The people of the Swede had produced nothing, absolutely nothing.

Not even a jacket. Even the ribs they found buried in the ice nearby weren't much good any more. When they got him down to camp they thawed out the gun and fixed upon the lever and found a spent shell in the chamber. The big hammer had shot himself right between the eyes and blown a piece out of the back of his head.

Charlie was disgusted and Smokey was disgusted too. Not only had they wasted nothing of intrinsic value, but also had received no payment and from the men of Beaver Creek, not even the dubious moral support of their presence while digging on the hill. Except the Chief, who lumbered up for a last look as they shovelled loads of dirt back in. But Chief was no company at all, at any time. He had difficulty getting his tongue around the language with the result that he sometimes went for days without saying anything. He just came up and looked at the Swede and went back down again.

"Maybe someone ought to go see the marshal," suggested Porco Flory who owned the Beaverside Saloon and of course could not be expected to leave.

Charlie turned back "No use" "No neither," said Smokey "We found him and we bring him down and we dig a hole for him without no help and, by golly, somebody else is gonna go see the marshal." Charlie smiled.

"Yeah," Smokey said, shaking his fist upon the bar.

This was marked with universal silence. Going to see the marshal was a moon-jump job on account of the nearest law man being a hundred and fifty miles distant.

"Somebody'll be rarin' down that way one of these days," Porco said wearily. "An't no hurry now. The Swede laid up there a long



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time and I notice another couple couldn't wait. They'll even find out why he killed himself."

That was good enough for the men of Beaver Creek, spreading body in the warmth of Peter's stove. Sure, no one making a special trip. Peter Flory had not been around the fireplace long but seemed natural leadership in things like that. It was he who had come into camp late last summer without a dime as he feverishly admitted, and staked out the gulley-claim that was the talk of the camp. Within two months he had enough to buy the mine from old Job Hunsman who wanted to give up and go outside the gold. But before that Peter had been smart enough to keep still about it until he had his mine all filled. He looked him down into a pit after the first big snow and said he was going out to have himself a mine, promising Job he would come back. He did, too, and paid just cash from a roll of yellow-backs that would choke a goose. Peter remained the oldest the Beaver-buff to commemorate, he said, but arrived here when he had been completely flat and offered he couldn't think of anything sicker than a leaver's lot.

His lucky strike in the gulley was the source of much envy to those who had been around two or three years and walked past it a million times. Within two hours every week, every gulch, every dip in the land up and down the creek was taken. All were complete finish except perhaps Nick Sobak's which showed a bare patch of rock and might produce dry weeds for a while while of a rain washed head creek.

Charlie poured himself a big shot out of the bottle and fell into moody contemplation.

"It's a damned funny thing, though," he mused, "there is something the

Swede got where he was, off in the middle of nowhere like that, and I kinda like to know what made him play himself."

"No one off your case," said Peter. "I know, but it's a damned shame for a fellow to back the bucket all by himself with nobody even knows how come. Don't seem right somehow. I feel sort of responsible, even so now (I was so and thinking that even here first Swede like he ought I ought to check around, and how you guess means for a fellow when you don't know why?"

"Don't seem right somehow, when you put it that way," said Cogh-Eye Martin. "Swede's old placey looks some damn' anyway, but it's a damn sight worse when you're all by yourself. When I cash in I hope there's a hell of a crowd around to give me a send-off."

"Yeah" said Charlie. "Don't go getting a crowd just on," said Peter. "He was just some no-account Swede that got himself lost. You can't never guess to know the why of it. You don't know his name or where he came from or where he was going. You don't even know whether he was a Swede or not!"

Peter was a long, shaggy fellow with a heavy white beard and a flaming black mustache that came down at the ends. He had little black eyes and big yellow teeth. He named his eyes now as Big Olaf who sat stupidly at a nearby table. Peter had been rather Olaf lately here.

"How about it, Olaf?" Peter said, getting. "The mug of mine shows he's some kind of a Scandinavian but you oughta know for sure. What was he, a Dane, a Swede, a Norwegian—or just plain Sobak?"

Big Olaf lifted his eyes to Peter and slowly let them fall. He stared at the floor gloomily.

"Ay back he here Swede," said



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The Nambutiri Brahmins of Malabar practiced the strange custom of "Heriagarry."

All married, from highly civilized widowers down to the most primitive savage, had rules governing who they could marry. Within our ranks old wives' tales, long forgotten rules by ancient laws to a gradual or lesser degree by racial prejudice, the more primitive the race the more complicated the rules of marriage often become.

The simplest, and of first sight the most unfair system is heriagarry, which has nothing to do with race. This custom permits one, and only one, member of a family to marry or alternatively one member may be forced to marry while certain rules which do not apply to the others.

In ancient, the Nambutiri Brahmins of Malabar insist that only the eldest son may marry, for once a man is a father he is a son, for a line of his duty to his ancestors. Because of this the eldest son alone is worthy to receive his father's estate, and therefore he alone should be entitled to marry. The first-born son is regarded as the fulfillment of divine law—all men seeking sons are merely the offspring of desire.

The son, in ancient parlance, is a naturally divine to have a wife like as that he in turn, can give his "father" his duty to his son. For this reason and the understandable selfishness of women the man

regarded sons often have several wives. Indiscretions, should an eldest son die without leaving a male offspring, the "duty" devolved to the father, who then eventually transferred them on to the brothers of the parental estate. — and as usual.

What about the younger sons? They, poor things, can take their pick of "inferior" Nigger women, but are excluded from their father's inheritance!

Beyond this rigid religious aspect of heriagarry lies its economic and practical side. By according only the offspring of the eldest son of each generation, the family property is kept intact, down through the years and not dissipated among countless descendants, as would be the case if the system were not enforced.

Modern civilization requires no such concerns. In India, thanks to the American dream and better education for the financial ability of all his children until they are able to provide for themselves should be able to do so early, while at the same time providing security for his own retirement. Little Japanese is a unique form of saving and security, and thanks to the healthy competition between our free and independent life children there are seldom to fall every road and drive past.

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My Olaf, with a phlegmy expression. "Well, Ray Olaf surely knows," said Patsy. "Even a dog knows his brother is he was a Swede. But who? When'd he come down? You ain't never going to find out. Might as well forget it."

"I'd kinda like to know," said Charlie.

"Me too," Smokey said.

"Aw, he was a pale-skinned lippy that never saw a ladder's class before," Cock-Eye chuckled. "Saw himself in the mirror one day and then ugly mug of his scared him to death."

"Twasn't that way at all," Charlie growled. "He didn't wear the hole in his hand. Looked in that water and figured he'd be prettier with two eyes on his hip and grin one there."

"You fellows got it all wrong," said Patsy, showing his yellow teeth. "He was just a-well-on' along just as anything and all of a sudden a little hand comes by. The bird took one look at him and set down on a stump and began to cry. The Swede says why you haven't little bird? And the bird says it's on account of I feel so sorry. I always cry when I see a Swede. And the Swede says no! Holy Smokes, am I one of them Gums?" Well, I'd be damned. And he set down alongside the bird and cried too. Then he gets up and says well, the best I can do is make one less damn Swede in the world and he lays the gun against his head and the little bird pulls the trigger and then away he goes."

That was how it started. There wasn't much to do around Beaver Creek at that time of year except drink and fight.

Some pretty good stories came out of a good no you would say in a book. In fact, some of the more current stories dug up the old forgotten magazines around camp and

pared through them down for ideas. One fellow would get the story started and when he got stuck another would take it on from there. Patsy, especially, was good at it. He was that kind of fellow anyway, quick and witty and full of strange sayings. He had been everywhere and done everything—poor devil in the South Seas, run runner in South America, opium peddler in China, fire dealer at Monte Carlo, too he could, canal driver in Egypt, bush-digger in Seattle.

Quite a man, Patsy Flory. You could change that Patsy to keep the story happening.

Charlie entered into the spirit of it, putting in his two cents' worth whenever he got an idea that somebody else had not already wanted to death, but it was different with him. Charlie was serious. "I'd kinda like to know," he said again and again. "I'm getting so I feel sort of friendly toward the Swede, seeing him first and all, and I hate to think of him lyin' up there on the hill with nobody knowing nothing about him."

"You ain't never going to either," Patsy said on one occasion.

"Maybe if we talk long enough we can figure out something for the poor case."

"Now," said Patsy. "Tell you what we can do, though, we can get down amongst ourselves and make up a man out of our heads, and names, and what he did and why he did it, and taken like that. And when we get through that'll be it. That will be the Swede."

"That's what I mean," said Charlie. "Better than nothing, ain't it?"

Almost everybody got into it at one time or another, most of them away from. Especially Patsy and Cock-Eye and a crazy kid called Pukey on account of he always went in a tree. Those three discussed up some mighty

strange character . . . mighty strange!

But out of the entire crowd, only Big Olaf kept wholly still. He had no idea to protest, or maybe didn't know how to say them; anyway he was the only one of the lot who didn't get faith at least one. He just sat with his big hands resting palm-up on his lap and a stupid look on his face. He would turn his big slow eyes on the speaker and hold them until the rain finished and then move his colorless gaze to the next one. There never was any expression in Olaf's face; they never knew what he was thinking or whether he was laughing at all. Maybe that was why he always married Porse. Porse liked people to respond, to answer, to laugh at his jokes.

As Charlie said, Olaf ought to have been the one to talk. "You know more about him than anybody," said Charlie. "He's a brother Swede, and all."

Olaf looked at Charlie for a moment and moved his massive head from side to side, and that was all they ever got out of Olaf. He was a huge man with a crumpled face and eyes deep-set under overhanging brows. He looked like a stormtrooper and fearless people but there never was a more peaceable man than Big Olaf.

If the Swede up on the hill could have seen some of the things those stormers and he was, he would have been quite a shaman to know. They had him everything from a back-comber to a Swedish Duke, down a necktie to a sky pilot, from a slop-out on the waterfront to a society jewel that.

It was all very acceptable and helped a lot to pass away time. Especially when Porse or Porse got started, or Cook-like, Porse had the edge. He got out some of the daisiest yarns. It was he who

thought up the Swedish Duke theme and played it for all it was worth when he saw it was going over big in the enthusiasm he carried on and on with a racket of straying, words and changes and black clouds and a fair demand on distress.

Most of a crowd out of a back he had once said, but they didn't have to know that.

When he finally got his noblemen and the demand out on the show and going away together into the sunset, he stopped and looked at Porse. It was the best account yet and he received the pleads of the aspirants with self-conscious pride.

"That's good," said Charlie. "Good enough. Maybe you'll make that the Swede. Except how in transition did he get away over here in Alaska territory and why did he play himself in the head, especially with a woman like that around?"

Porse winked his brow. "That's the sequel, sort of," he said. "I just told you the first part and I'll think up the rest of it when I get a little time."

Porse started to fanning himself. "Aw, that ain't much of a story," he growled. "It ain't reasonable. Who ever heard tell of a man like that? The Swede wasn't that good looking and his feet was too big for those sword lights. He'd of got himself all tangled up in his legs!"

"Maybe you can think up a better one," sneered the pored Porse.

"Sure. Sure, I can. If I couldn't, I'd drown myself."

"I thought that was pretty good," said Charlie. "I'd have like to think of the Swede as being that. Nobody we won't have to go no further, boys. We got our Swede."

"Hold on, there," said Porse. "You ain't going to let your Swede be no swapper!" Good acting like a rag-tailed monkey in a basket."

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'Poker's Duke was awful good,' Charlie defended. 'Don't reckon you can think up a better one than Poker did.'

'That's what I say,' said Erikson. 'Perry looked desperately at the circle of bearded faces all expressing approval of things as they went. Perry panted himself and puffed.'

'You ain't heard no decent story since we started this?' Perry finished, came to the quack. 'Lawrence, name that I can't tell you. And this devil that Perry put out through with sticks like an Indian fish camp in the middle of summer. Ain't no wise-ass kid can tell the anything about story-telling. I'll finger one out that will knock his sticks' from here to Bismark. Send 'Ya listen good, Charlie—here is your Sweden, by gum!'

They settled back to be entertained. Perry was awful clever at spending time and thus one night to be a hard-dancer now that he had real competition to work against.

'This Sweden wasn't no Duke at all,' Perry began. 'He was the son of a rich police that made steel or something over in Sweden. Always had a pocketful of money and lived in a big mansion with drapes and things hanging around and even jewels in the candlesticks.'

'Same thing,' said Perry. 'You're asleep!'

'Ain't neither. Look here, this kid had everything handed him on a silver platter but he was the kind that didn't like none of it. Had two sister boys, I reckon, and got two more when about sixteen the world and down things he couldn't do home at seventy. So he came off to sea. This kid's name was Sven. He had a partner, another kid in the neighborhood of the same stripe as him, as he takes that other kid along, well? They ran off together and go to India. After

swimming around India for a while they got on a boat and took off for South America. In South America they got mixed up in a couple revolutions and near got their head hands blowed off but they came out all right and went to work on a rubber plantation.

'There kids was both big bruisers and got themselves in plenty of fights. Always stuck together and I reckon one time or another they looked real combed up in South America. If one got mixed up in a crowd too big to handle, he'd whistle and the other would come a-whooping. Then look—swimming across there there didn't stand no show any more then two. They'd knock their heads together and be 'em up in knots and loose then meanness in the street. You never heard tell of such fighting. It was always Sven that got into hot water, he was wild as they make 'em, and then his partner would come and beat him out of it.

'Where you found one world always had the other around somewhere else. They was real partners. Got along fine until one day they got stuck on the same job. A little six-devil she was, down around Brazil someplace, with devilish eyes and laughter, mouth and black hair that curled and waved and kept blowing in your face like open. She was built like a woman ought to be built. She would both turn kids around her little finger and get 'em so mixed up they didn't know which was what.

'You'd think they'd go to fighting, wouldn't you? Not them two. They talked it over and decided one would have to leave. They goes to the girl and she ain't make up her mind so they goes back and goes to another! No! hating each other, just made! They rested all one afternoon and finally towards evening Sven got his

partner down. Sven decided afterwards his partner decided to let him have the punch.

'Sven went down to the boat to see the partner off and they made a deal, see? They'd keep on South and the first one to make a certain stake would hunt up the other and they'd both go back to Sweden.

'Sven didn't stay around there long anyway. The little devil pulled a knife on him one time and he figured she was not the type for him. So he took off and went to some South Sea island and got as many copses shut by kicking the boss. He made a pile of dollars there and some more in Australia stolen' shop. After that, he sailed for China. Wondered all over Asia and then ploom and up north, making money hand over fist and leaving just ahead of the law.'

Perry paused to wipe his face with a handkerchief and to look triumphantly at Perry who chuckled on his chair, dubiously. All the others were laughing at night silence.

'Damn good story,' said Perry. 'Ain't no expense in it.'

'Shut up,' said Perry. 'There is too.'

'Reckon that sounds about like the Sweden.' Charlie said with enthusiasm. 'Big man, looked like a fighter. Had a devil on his eye. But you gotta get him to Alaska, and dead!'

'I'm coming to that. Gimme time. Like I said, Sven made a pile of money and finally got his stake. So he started out to hunt up his partner, as the agreement was when they parted. He came over from Siberia and landed at Nome. His partner was in Skagway, or somewhere down that way, and Sven took out up the Yukon to see what it was like instead of going around by boat.

'In Nome he ran in to a fellow by the name of Jim, a right nice fellow named Jim. They got to talking and

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they walked was they went up the Totten together. Real friendly they was, and Sven doing a lot of palavering about where his beer and such. Just like a big kid, so talking loud made his voice first before the parson. He had so much money he brought a little boat and they came up in that and when they got up north of here, changed if they didn't hit a lag and run a hole right through it. Smashed up as bad it wasn't worth fixing so they left it there and started out about.

'On the way down they got lost and wandered off where Charlie and Smokey found him. Sven was a big man, big as they come, but like all Swedes he didn't have enough sense to pound sand in a rat hole. Day and dark, that was Sven. He kept running off at the mouth about his money and that perfume of his. They was going back up Sweden and show him old ways they could make money too, all alone and without no help whatsoever. Just a big kid. But big as he was, Sven was no wadler. He had feet like stones and they kept hurting all over and he'd sit down and take all his mistakes and rub 'em and lay back and grope like a Swedenborn. Couldn't stand without no shoe.

"Now this Jim was a fine feller, and plenty eager. He was one to watch his shavers and not let none go by. He'd been around some too and wasn't nobody's fool. So one time when Sven was asleep, Jim he sneak up and slammed the moneybelt right onto him. That's how the Swede got killed. He didn't plug himself like you say, Jim did it. Sven woke up too quick and jumped for Jim and Jim grabbed the gun and let him have it right between the eyes. Then Jim went down in Cordova and got to New York and set up in business. "Sven landed smack in the creek

and when it froze the ice pushed him up like a hammock and that's how come he had an ice coffin. But you should have seen them feet. They stood up like nails on a washboard and he was just a-bogin' and a-sneivin'. Jim never forgot that storm. Never forgot them feet either. All Swedes got big feet but Sven had the biggest feet a man ever had. Feet they was so big that five toes wasn't enough and he had one on the right one."

There was a clump starting off at the side and they turned to look. It was Ole's chair which had overturned and slid against the wall. Ole came across the open space faster than they ever had seen him move. Perce got up and stood like he was paralyzed, his little eyes growing wide and round. Ole's heavy hands closed on Perce's neck.

"You know Jim," Ole rumbled. Perce screamed and twisted, slung up at the hands that were squeezing the life out of him. He was like a child in the grip of a gorilla. Charlie and Cock-Eye and some of the others pulled and jerked at Big Ole while Perce's face turned purple and his eyes turned ready to pop.

It took a bottle, and another bottle, and finally a bag of a stone before Ole went down.

Next afternoon they took Perce up the hill to a log house that had a spreading branch. They set up a wooden box and lifted Perce upon it and put the rope around his neck and over the limb and pulled it tight against the trunk.

"You can't do that to me!" wailed pained Perce. His whole face was ghastly. "I didn't do nothing! 400 of you wouldn't let down. I was only a drunk Swede."

"We don't hold with murder," Charlie said firmly. "Especially when it was my Swede you killed, the one

I lugged all the way down here and dug a hole for all by myself. We need Smokey."

"Who's gonna look the bear?" said Smokey.

He looked about the circle but all of them studied their feet and refused to meet his scrutiny. A glimmer of hope came into Perce's eyes.

"See what I mean?" he said. "You all know I don't right. Lingers down from here, here, and we'll all go have a drink on the house."

Ole pushed through the circle and stomped forward. Perce shrank in terror and looked at him wildly. Ole drew back a big foot and slammed it against the box as hard as he could.

Afterward they went down and helped themselves generously to Perce's stock. They didn't say much, just stood around the bar and drink. Charlie broke a heavy silence.

"Anyway, I don't feel so much like a shaver as I did, putting up that washed out gully where Perce was supposed to have made his strike. Makes me feel better to know he didn't make no strike."

Ole stared steadily at the top of the bar, a whiskey glass unspilled in his paw. After his brief explosion he had relapsed into his stolid silence.

"There's something I can't get in my head yet, Ole," said Charlie. "Perce put so much he owed up to killing him all right but how did we know that Jim was Perce and Sven was the Swede, and it was a true story?"

"Yeah, how did you know?" said Smokey. "Was you the pardner?"

Ole pushed the glass of whiskey away and plodded along the row of tables to the door. Those close by heard him snort thickly. "Sven knew my brother."

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But these methods could not meet the needs of modern urbanized and centralized living. So the packaged food industry was developed. Nowadays, at any time, at any season, you can make your choice of meals at a restaurant's menu, you may open a packaged food, enjoying delicious meat, fresh vegetables, fruits, wraps, breakfast foods, cakes.

It would cost you plenty to make just one of food yourself—but "mass production" makes possible quality packaged foods at everyday prices—in season and out of season. Remember, though, that mass production is only possible when a great many people are persuaded to buy the products... and to commit mass buying advertising is necessary.

What does food advertising cost you? About one penny for every 100¢ worth of packaged foods! Not much, is it, considering that without that penny that buyer demand your packaged foods would cost far more.

If you would like to know more about this subject, write to the Advertising Manager of this publication for a free copy of "Classical Performance."

Advertising . . . a means to better, cheaper living

JHE 17

The small-town chapel was jammed . . . with the weeping widow, until the organ threw water on a red-hot altar.

ROBERT TURNER • FICTION



THE SAD SISTERS

IT was a beautiful sunset, Mercy DeLroy decided. By far the best one they'd had yet. The small town chapel was jammed and the weeping and wailing nearly unheard. Why, death could be a beautiful thing. Take Gustave, her husband, her brother-in-law, so powerful as his self-made career.

In life, Gus DeLroy had been a looking, well-dressed, blustering and who drank too much, was addicted to heavy-handed humor and purely deplorable manners. In death, Gus's behavior, vigorous laugh was admired. He had dignity for once.

Gus was so much better off dead, too. Had lived out the best years. A man over 50 had little left but the down-

grade to look forward to, and her sister, Faith, had been good to have the few months they were married.

That was one thing about Faith. She was conspicuous; she was always next to her husband before they died. So Gus DeLroy had enjoyed the best of everything, the best of life, the best of marriage, in the thirty-seven months before he and Faith could start snarling at each other.

Mercy DeLroy coughed and stopped a male that was beginning to form on her lips. She must be careful. It wouldn't do to give people anything more to talk about. Not that they could prove anything, no matter what their suspicious small-town minds suspected. She and Faith were much

his days. But even those little slips about Faith weren't enough for days. Like the time when Mary hadn't had that Irish, stumpy old Edwain hand around over the head. Which one had Edwain been, the French or the Irish? It didn't matter.

But, anyhow when that last blow had not killed him, hadn't even knocked him out, he'd seemed and carried them something fierce. She'd had to lead him one again with that loose brick from the fireplace that could be replaced so easily, so that it would look as though he had fallen against it. Faith had been quite upset about that. Honestly, she didn't know what she was going to do about Faith. What was happening to the silly girl, really?

Up in the pulpit the Reverend McCleary's spiritual voice droned on. The sound of flowers buried and ministered over the big casket began to mix with the sobbing of misshapen ladies and beauteous slayers. The chapel was so small, so crowded. Gus Tim had been such a popular man.

Through its opened stained glass windows, a sun shaft spotlighted Mary Delroy. It was pale highlights filtering from her neatly, unconsciously pulled hair. It gave an ethereal quality to her quiet, fragile beauty. The black dress she wore, so simple tailored, made her look small and alone.

Two years back, an old lady's outside stage wheeler carried to Mary quite clearly, "I declare, look at the younger one, that Mary! See how broken she looks. Even more affected than Gus's wife."

Mary Delroy rubbed her full lower lip as though holding back tears. She was really suppressing a chuckle. That was one, far too good of Gus! She had despised the last.

Faith was as dead as Mary was but she wasn't carrying her pain

well at all. Faith was getting more about the mouth and eyes, too. Mary couldn't understand that. Faith never did any of the really hard work. She never committed any of the murders. All she did was love and marry the wealthy, successful old codgers.

Perhaps, Mary thought, it'd better get Faith away for a while. A vacation in South America or some place else this time. Lord knows, they needed it. They were getting stale, dull-witted, to almost make a hard error such as they'd done this time. It had never occurred to either of them that busy old Gustave Tim never took a tub bath. They hadn't known how he had nearly drowned in a bath such as a child and then that day couldn't be made to restrain himself by threat of dismember. His only took showers.

Mary left Faith's slender body, beside her, twitch convulsively. She saw Faith's lips tremble against her teeth with strain. Her eyes stared straight ahead, unseeing, vacantly awaiting the casket. And Mike thought Faith was the controlled one, the brave one! It showed how wrong people could be. The close call they'd had with Gus's murder had all but won poor, jumpy Faith apart. Mary would be glad when the funeral, arrangements as it was, would end and she could get Faith out of here.

Reverend McCleary was talking, now. His voice rose to a dramatic crescendo. A sermon, delivered the Reverend's telling words. It was a fire which scored that lapsed audience. It was Gus's sermon in the first row, in front of the casket. It was contagious and the screaming spread through the female section of the congregation.

The bottom half of the casket lid raised and the man who had been lying there, rose up and clanked out. His eyes remained closed. He waved slowly with hands extended like a

sleepwalker's, straight up the aisle.

The screaming had stopped now but the congregation was on its feet, shouting in dumb horror. Those in aisle seats struck back, crowding the rest of the pews. There was whispering and moving and desperately started prayers.

The figure walked up the aisle with funeral, deliberate steps, its closed eyes toward the pews where Mary and Faith Delroy stood. From the first strains, Mary's heart had hammered as she. Terror had scuttled her senses. But her reflexes overrode swiftly. She knew the mother'd be happening. It couldn't be Gustave Tim rising from his coffin, walking up the aisle. The dead didn't rise. And Gus Tim was dead. She knew it. She'd killed him, drowned him in the bath tub. She'd seen the corpse twice more. She'd discussed the embalming process with the mortician.

She watched desperately for the answer before the shock of this scene drowned Faith completely. When she got it, she whinged around and

checked Faith's arm. She said, vehemently, "It's a fake, Faith, a crude hoax! Put no mind. Don't let it get you. It's not Gus. There've been no water who oozes here from that man's stink opening. They're trying to trick us, Faith."

Faith Delroy didn't hear. She was staring so hard her dark eyes looked as though they would roll down her cheeks. Her jaw hung.

"Gus?" Her voice was thin and hoarse, like a broken child's. It rang through the silence for all to hear. "Mr. Gus, no! I-I don't do it. Gus! It was Mary! She got you drunk! She held your hand under the water, Gus. She—"

Mary stopped her so hard that Faith's dark curls bounced against her neck. It shot the younger girl up with a sharp intake of breath. But Mary Delroy knew it was too late as she wheeled and saw, standing at the back of the church, watching, the terrible and the small group of Gustave Tim's closest personal friends who had staged the show.

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Talking Points

THE LAW'S A FOOL . . .

For one of the most baroque miscarriages of justice in British criminal history . . . in which (as it is put by marks on the wall) the victims were not humans, but cattle . . . read J. W. Hopping's "A Case For Sherlock Holmes." The facts are so fantastic that they would be almost unbelievable if they were not recorded in other British police records. As a matter of fact, there was no such confusion involved that, in the end, the one-and-only-beggetter of "Sherlock Holmes"—Canon Doyle himself took a hand in the game. Yet, for once, the master of all who-does-it-writes found himself up against a brick wall.

LAND MINE . . .

For a vivid and authentic sketch of the men who tried to hold the balance of justice between the Arabs and Jews in pre-U.N.O. Palestine, consult Cedric Belfrage's "Policeman on a Powder Keg." Belfrage was himself in Palestine during those moments-which-nearly-had-a--still moment and he is prepared to confess what he saw. The men whom he describes are now scattered to many far corners of the globe . . . but they still do their work, rough jobs with the same rugged courage that they displayed in the Near-East. They have been blamed for many things, but none of them has ever been accused of lack of gallantry.

NOT-SO-GENTLE CHINESE . . .

For a splash of half-forgotten Quakerland history . . . when the land was tough and the men were tougher . . . turn to Clem Lock's vignette, "When Stockwells Beat Shovelbodies." "The Heathen Chinese" (as Quakerland's poet, George James Evans, nicknamed his Colonial visitors) was not always as gentle as his naive appearance seemed to indicate. In the case under discussion, he proved that he could be downright rude . . . and even slightly homicidal.

WHITE-SLAVE . . .

The old-time Moorish rulers who stole golden-haired Christian maidens for the harems of the Orient have gone or been vanquished, but—behind the dark facades of the world's cities—there still exists a thriving trade in slaves. "Slave Markets Still Exist" proves it.

NEXT MONTH . . .

Be ready for March CAVALCADE, it has something for everybody. For travellers and tourists, there is Jack Parsons's "Town of Time-Gone-By" for addicts of Amsterdam, "The Queen's Wife Won't Run", for some reliable horses, "A Thousand Mocking Corpses" and "Soldiers That Killed Themselves", for some new wonders to far-away places, "White Squares of the Mockingmen" and "Love in Yookee Land." And we think you'll find the fiction and the sport even above standard.

